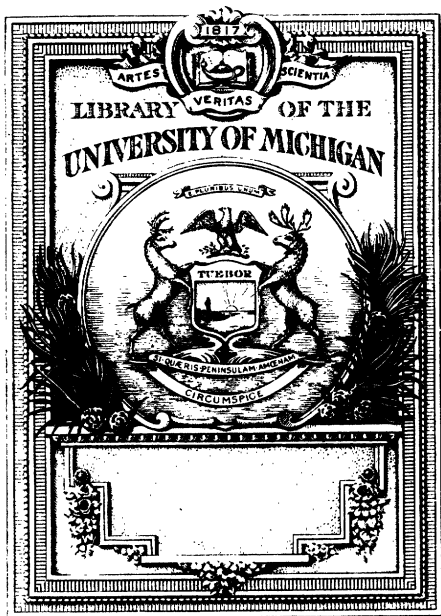


SPENSER

FAERIE QUEENE

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The Faerie Queene

By EDMUND SPENSER



BOOK III

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS
OF 1590 AND 1596
WITH INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY

BY

KATE M. WARREN

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PREFACE

THIS volume contains the Third Book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. It has been prepared in the same manner as the two previous volumes, from a new collation of the editions of 1590 and 1596, with constant reference to other editions. The present text mainly follows that of 1596, which differs in certain readings from the issue of 1590. The more important of these textual differences are pointed out in the notes to this volume. In the preparation of the glossary I have to acknowledge, as before, my obligation to many previous workers upon the poem, to that friend of the student of language—the *New English Dictionary*, and to various personal friends who have most kindly helped me by research and suggestion.

Special thanks are due to Dr. Grosart for generously allowing the reproduction of an engraving (from vol. ii. of his *Works of Spenser*) of the poet's portrait for this book. Of this portrait Dr. Grosart says: "The only other" (*i.e.* besides the Fitzhardinge miniature and the Chesterfield portrait, for which see vols. i. and ii. of this edition) "with a pedigree or sufficiently authenticated . . . is the very remarkable one that came down as a Devonshire heirloom to the Rev. S. Baring Gould, M.A., with a companion one of Sir Walter Raleigh. Both have been in the family beyond record. This shows the Poet in the full strength of manhood. It is a kind of three-quarter profile; and as one studies it, it seems to

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vindicate itself as 'our sage and serious Spenser.' Again, hair and eyes agree with the others."

This "Legend of Chastity" has, as far as I know, never been issued before in a separate form. It is hoped that this edition may bring it under the notice of some readers who have hitherto known Britomart, its heroine, only as a name.

KATE M. WARREN.

INTRODUCTION

THE Third Book of the *Faerie Queene*, the Legend of Chastity, completes the first half of the poem, as it remains to us in its Six Books. Books I. to III. first appeared in 1590, bound together in one quarto volume, but, in character, the Third Book belongs rather to the second instalment of the poem—Books IV. to VI. The first two Books stand apart from the rest. Their stories have a form and unity—a beginning, a middle, and an ending—which the others, save the Fifth, are almost without; the main action is much less complicated, the digressions or episodes being more closely knit up with it. There is a difference, too, in the verse. In the four later Books, though they all contain much fine metrical work, quite equal to, and sometimes surpassing, that of the two earlier ones, the general level is scarcely as high.¹

Of the form, then, of the Third Book, there is little to say. Sometimes the only connection between the stories is that they afford examples of chastity or its opposite. An example of this is the account of the "Squire of Dames," borrowed from Ariosto, and doing nothing at all for the progress of the narrative which it interrupts. For the long and numerous digres-

¹ The reason for this may perhaps be that Spenser forced himself to lengthen out every Book to the conventional twelve cantos, whether or not he had poetical matter for it. Even the first two Books, one ventures to think, would have been improved if he had made them longer or shorter just as the humour pleased him.

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sions in this Book the poet will now and then apologise,¹ but he more often proceeds with as calm a disregard of whither he is leading us as the most meandering romance writer of the Middle Ages. It is difficult to tell why he grew so much more careless of form in these later Books. This disregard of it is not only seen in the shaping of the separate "Legends," but the larger framework of the whole poem—which he points out in the letter to Raleigh²—appears, in the Third Book, to have been forgotten altogether. There is no allusion in it to the quest of Scudamore as originating from the court of Gloriana. We do not indeed even hear of the main quest—the rescue of Amoret from Busirane—until the eleventh Canto. Whatever central action can be discerned in this Book belongs to Britomart and her search for Artegall, and even that is not kept continuously in view; the "accidents" are often more prominent than the history of the Virgin Knight. Even the vague unity which may be claimed for the poem, in as far as all the stories, there brought together are to illustrate

¹ See Canto VI. stanza 54, after the digression concerning the birth, etc., of Amoret. The stories begun, or continued, without being finished, in this Book, are those of Britomart and Artegall, Florimell and Marinell, Timias and Belphebe, Sir Satyrane, Braggadocchio, the false Florimell, Amoret and Scudamore.

² See Vol. I. of this edition. The argument of the Third Book he gives thus:—"The third day there came in a Grooms, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

"But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as accidents than intendments. As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the miserie of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, and many the like."

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the virtue of chastity, is much less apparent than it would be if Spenser's conception of the virtue were more limited—if, for example, he regarded the quality of "continence" as its chief element. But in his mind it is not only a moral virtue that can be compassed, but a spiritual idea. His Legend of Chastity might be more justly named the Legend of True Love." He includes continence as an attendant quality upon Chastity; but expands his conception of the virtue to include also all unselfish love between man and woman. It thus becomes a theme as wide as life itself. Time after time the poet is careful to make this conception clear, and especially to emphasize the thought that pure love, or chastity, is unselfish; dishonourable love, or unchastity, seeks only its own pleasure—"such love is hate," but true love "does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds, And in each gentle heart desire of honor breeds." More plainly still he states the thought in the beginning of Canto iii. :—

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence poured into men, which men call Love;
Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame,
But that sweet fit that doth true beautie love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deedes and never dying fame.

This passage is called forth by the strong love that seizes Britomart for Artegall. A still finer statement of the same thing is made in connection with Prince Arthur's love for the Fairy Queen :—

Wonder it is to see, in diverse mindes,
How diversly love doth his pageaunts play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:

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The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffreth it uncomely idlenesse
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffreth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creepe into his noble brest,
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:

These lines might well stand as the motto for Book III., which is their commentary and illustration. In this connection may be noticed also the effort of the young Squire not to reveal his love for Belphebe. Chaste love withholds the expression of itself if harm to its object may be the issue.

It is easy to understand, if we have at all realized the nature of Spenser, that the subject of Chastity, as he conceived it, was especially suited to his genius. It took him into the refined air of the world of spiritual ideas where he was always at home. It was here that his imagination became most exalted, here that he shaped his loveliest forms. Here he lived, not apart from human nature, but in full view of her "God-like head crowned with spiritual fire"; her "feet of clay," though visible, were at a distance. In this poem, then, we find his love of high and delicate beauty giving itself ardent expression. He creates forms of womanhood which for pure loveliness of conception have not their equal in English literature, save in his own Una. Florimell, Amoret, Britomart, Belphebe, are all embodiments of his idea of Chastity, but most of all Britomart. It would seem as if Spenser could only clothe his idea of this "virtue" in female form. The men play a secondary part in the poem. Even Prince Arthur, who,

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in the other Books, is the saviour of the rest when they fall *Arthur* into their worst strait, is no champion here. He joins in pursuit of the distressed Florimell, but cannot rescue her, for in him she fails to distinguish a friend, and the more he pursues only flees the faster. As night comes on he gives up the chase, and lies down in a peevish temper, throwing bitter blame for his ill success upon the cruel night. And he appears no more, in any important way, in the Legend of Chastity. Of the other knights whose story is here begun, *Marinell* Marinell lives apart in superstitious fear of womankind, and is stricken to earth by Britomart. Sir Scudamore is helpless to rescue his love, Amoret, from a vile enchanter, and leaves the work to Britomart. Sir Artégall we hear of as a noble knight, but he does not appear in person. Sir Satyrane, the woodland "salvage" knight, and Timias, Prince Arthur's Squire, are the only ones who at all distinguish themselves, and even they are but partial victors. Satyrane saves the life of the Squire of Dames, but is felled to earth by a vile giantess, and loses the evil beast he had carefully taken captive in a previous adventure. Timias is only a youth, but he does more deeds of valour than the elder knights; yet he would have died of his wounds save for the compassion of the virgin Belphebe.

A group of men and women personify various forms of unchastity or selfish love; but with the exception of Malbecco and Paridell they are less vividly imagined than the others. The giantess Arganté is a monster of evil passion, Ollyphant, the brutal giant, is her masculine counterpart. Malcasta, Hellenore, and Busirane are types of a more refined viciousness. The forester, the witches, the ancient fishermen and Proteus, the coward Braggadocchio, who cannot hold his own, even in vice, are other repulsive types. But Paridell and Malbecco are the most clearly marked out.

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Paridell is the light o' love, whose constant and reckless amours have developed in him heartlessness, but have not touched his bravery. Having allured the wife of his host to fly with him, he then wearies of her as his paramour and

Her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone :
He nould be clogd. So had he served many one.

And, being asked where she is, he curtly answers, "I take no keep of her, She wonneth in the forest there before." Yet he can join, willingly, in the rescue of Florimell.

✓ Malbecco is a "cankered crabbed" old man, a miser, wedded to a "lovely lass," Hellenore, of whom he is madly jealous. "His money and his fair wife" are his two ruling passions. Hellenore deceives him and intrigues with Paridell. We feel no great interest in him until his wife flees with her wooer, carrying off her husband's treasure and setting fire to the dwelling. Then his situation is not unlike that of Shylock. "My ducats and my daughter," become, in Malbecco's story, "my money and my wife."

When he pursues the couple in vain, in the false belief that his wife is not a willing captive, and coming at last upon Braggadocchio, is unable to tell his tale for an outbreak of grief—

There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppressse,
While teares stood in his eies,—

an element of pathos gathers about him. This is increased when, having found his wife among the satyrs, he tries in vain to persuade her to leave that hateful life.

And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord
As f no trespass ever had bene donne.

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Returning disconsolate and lonely to take up his buried treasure and go home, he finds he has been robbed of it all by the treacherous Trompart ; then,

With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away.

High over hilles and over dales he fled.

Griefe, and despight, and gealousy, and scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behind ;
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankind ;
That, as a snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

Then we give him our pity. If he had sinned, he was also sinned against ; and he was an old man.

From this point to the end of the Canto Spenser is on fire, and the work in quality may be compared with that of the description, in Book II., of Maleger and his crew. Like that passage it seems to have been written at white heat, with swiftness, ease and strength, and the delineation of the Malbecco type of character is so vivid that Spenser must have been drawing from the life.

But in claiming for Spenser the power of character drawing it is needful to guard against misunderstanding. There are critics of Spenser who refuse to allow him that power in the *Faerie Queene*, who see in all his men and women only types of human beings, having no marks of individual character apart from the general ones of type. There is, of course, much truth in this view, but it does not seem the whole truth. Many of the persons in the *Faerie Queene* are types and nothing more, and it would be absurd to claim for Spenser the high dramatic power of creating character which belongs to Shakspeare. Spenser's mode, also, of presenting his subject matter was not the *dramatic* but the *romantic* mode, in which

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incident and sentiment count for more than individual characters. Yet, in spite of these things, it seems possible to discern, in several places in the *Faerie Queene* the delineation of a character as distinct from the delineation of a type; especially in the case of some of the women, certainly in the case of Britomart. Spenser's men are always less distinctive than his women, but Artegall, Calidore, Malbecco, Timias, and others have about them individual touches. But what there is of character drawing in the *Faerie Queene* is rendered less vivid than it would be on account of the dreamlike atmosphere and the lulling verse in which it is presented. It is only perhaps when the scattered sayings and doings of a personage are drawn together and viewed as a whole, somewhat apart from the mazy windings of the verse in which they are involved, that it is possible to realize how far Spenser could draw a life-like character. Within certain limits, then, it seems reasonable to say that Spenser could pourtray characters as well as types.

It is in his pourtrayal of womanhood that the poet excels in this Third Book. In the previous Book—the Legend of Temperance—we saw that he was not moved to create a single woman figure of any prominence, Belphebe only appearing for a moment in the story. But in this Book of Chastity it is as if, after long restraint, he gives freedom to his ardent admiration for noble womanhood, and pictures, with all his power, Britomart, who is quite as lovely as Una, but more complex, and who is not quite unworthy to be named beside Portia, Brunhild or Imogen. He also brings Belphebe again, and more prominently, before us in a lovely incident; and he begins the history of two fair women of the gentle and clinging type, Amoret and Florimell, each endowed with fortitude and constancy, bearing many troubles for the sake of love. Spenser was enamoured of all these women, and he carries on their stories far into the later Books of his poem. But

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chiefly it was Britomart who engaged him ; it would seem that she was of more interest to him than even Una. He takes great trouble to make us realize not only her appearance, but her very self. She is a prominent figure in the Legends of Friendship and Justice as well as in this Legend of Chastity, but we are now only concerned with such of her history as comes in the last.

We first see her in her father's room handling with young curiosity the enchanted globe which if consulted will reveal her lover's image. She sees what she desires, and puts the crystal down as lightly as she took it up. But Spenser brings upon her the love-sickness—of the true mediæval kind—of which, with her, the distinguishing feature is its strength. All her feelings are vivid and strong ; her life will be either shipwreck or a full success.

She is courageous, yet modest. In the visit to Merlin with the old Nurse Glauce, it is Britomart, of the two timid women, who first feels brave enough to face the magician. Absorbed in his story of her future kindred, it is she who interrupts him with empassioned words, as in another place she broke in upon the narration of Sir Paridell. Yet she blushes shyly when the conversation at any time turns upon her unknown lover. Like Rosalind, when she puts on the dress of a man, she is equal to the occasion, but Spenser could not realize her with the fascinating art of Shakspeare when that supreme dramatist drew his heroines who played the man. Britomart, as a *knight*, is a stereotyped conception out of mediæval romance where wandering virgin warriors were not unknown. He followed here not so much his own imagination as that of Ariosto when he pourtrayed the woman-knight Bradamante. We never truly realize Britomart as a hard fighter with her hands—in that position she is exactly like any of the other knights of the poem, and she then seems a shadowy figure

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without a distinguishing mark, save her invincibility. But we forgive this unreality for the opportunity Spenser seized, when the fighting was over, to draw one of his loveliest pictures of her—repeated more than once—where he shows his heroine doffing her helmet and her knightly dress, her golden hair unbound, flowing to her feet, like sunny beams long hidden in the cloud, and her “well-plighted frock, low let fall, down to her foot, with careless modesty.” It is this woman beneath the armour that we always think of; her fighting is of the dreaminess of fairyland, nor do we care to ask how it was she became such an adept in arms at a moment’s notice, nor how she could leave her father without farewell. Those things, too, are of “faery.” But some of her qualities fit in with her manly disguise. Courage and a fiery spirit she did not doff with her armour. We see her flashing into sudden heat with her nurse when they talk together, in that pretty night scene, of her love-sickness.¹ A swift change of mood, from sadness to anger, comes over her when Marinell interrupts her amorous soliloquy upon the sea-shore. She is stirred to irritation when she cannot find shelter from the storm in the shed where the other knights are. She is filled with noble rage when she encounters the enchanter Busirane. This fiery temper is a foil to her gentle qualities. She can be pitiful and tender enough. When Malecasta, deeming her a knight, falls in love with her, she is not rough to the proffer of affection, remembering her own inward grief of love, though she thinks her hostess “too light to woo a wandering guest.”

When she comes upon Scudamore lying in silent grief, there is a delicate touch in her action.

¹ A scene which is founded upon, and follows rather closely, a passage in the *Ceiris* of Virgil.

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The brave mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,
Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade.

We respect her intelligence as we read the wise words with which she leads him to open his heart to her, and wisdom both of words and action is one of her distinguishing qualities. When she and Scudamore are beaten back by the flames from entering the castle for the rescue of Amoret, she turns to him for advice with a womanly touch of dependence in the presence of a man. "What course of you is safely dempt?" she asks. He has nothing to counsel but retreat and acquiescence in defeat, but, with a wise rashness, this she will not hear of, and goes forward—

Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her sword's point directing forward, right
Assayld the flame.

Amid the perils and amazement of the House of Cupid she behaves with intelligence and courage—neither foolhardy nor timid—and her encounter with Busirane is another striking picture. Though terrified herself, she stands over him with drawn sword, compelling him, on pain of death, to reverse his spells.

But perhaps the most charming view of her is as she journeys with the Red Cross Knight—her embarrassment when he asks for the reason of her disguise, and her persistent enquiries of him concerning Artegall whom she loves. It is a pretty and natural bit of womanhood. At first she cannot speak for emotion, but then dissembles, and by feigned abuse of her lover provokes from her companion full description and ardent praise of him. She continues, however, to feign unbelief in the goodness attributed to Artegall as long as this attitude will draw forth more approval of him from the Red

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Cross Knight, and she is discontent until she has heard over again, what she well knew before, a full and minute account of her lover "in everie part." In another place she muses upon him with as much brooding tenderness as the gentlest of Spenser's gentle women, but to her tenderness she unites an intelligence, a wisdom and a bravery which place her higher in the scale of womanhood than these. We feel that Britomart would never have been deceived, as Una was, into mistaking the disguised Archimago for her own lover St. George. Britomart had too much wit for that. She is the woman who combines warmth of heart with strength of will and intellect, who, yielding none of her womanhood, yet makes herself felt as a noble power in the larger world. As a woman she is as attractive to her fellow-knights as to the gentle Amoret. She is one of the noblest conceptions of womanhood in the Elizabethan age, and Spenser pays a high compliment to every woman in creating her.

✓ Belphebe is of another kind—a brilliant figure, but much less real to us than Britomart, for she is half a goddess, and we think of her more as Diana than as a mortal woman. A virgin huntress she haunts the woods with her attendant nymphs. Spenser created her as a type of the chastity which expresses itself in celibacy. He is careful to let it be known that in the person of Belphebe he is paying a direct compliment to Queen Elizabeth. She has no special connection with any of the main stories of the *Faerie Queene*. In Book II. we saw her for a moment in a startled interview with Braggadocchio, in this Book we see her nursing the young Timias into recovery from his wounds with so much grace, tenderness and skill that he repays the kindness by falling in love with her. But she returns the love of no man. In a future place we hear the end of this one-sided love story.

Amoret and Florimell are less vivid than Britomart and

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Belphebe. Their plaintive beauty reminds us of the gentle pleading figures drawn by Burne-Jones. They are the high-born distressed maidens of mediæval romance, but fashioned by Spenser with an added grace. We do not feel the reality of their life as we do that of Britomart—they pass through the story as dream figures, and we learn to know them through the poet's description more than from their own words. The old Nurse Glauce, on the contrary, is a type met with everywhere, and one of her qualities is garrulity. Spenser has sketched her with much liveliness.

Though one of the chief marks of this Third Book is its delineation of womanhood, it is perhaps better known, as far as it is known at all, for certain descriptive passages of allegory. One of these is the Masque of Cupid in the twelfth Canto. The vices, virtues and emotions personified there are realized not only in their general character, but each with its own peculiar and more delicate shades of quality that are not always evident to the casual eye. Hope, for example, carries "an holy-water-Sprinckle, dipt in deowe"; Feare fixt his eye "evermore on Daunger"; Suspicion peeps always through a lattice which he holds before his face. The description of the Garden of Adonis, which has been praised, has its own interest, but is work of a lower class, much less vivid, and sometimes laboured. The poet was here working up into verse a philosophic idea, not on the heights of imagination, but from the lower ground of the understanding. Through-out the description there is scarcely a flicker of "the light that never was on sea or land." The passage is certainly more interesting than those Cantos of the *Faerie Queene* which versify the history of British kings, but it scarcely deserved the laudation some have given to it. In this Book we are happily spared the historical canto. It is true that Merlin takes up the narrative of British history at the point where it

Allegory

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was dropped in the previous Book, but he cuts it mercifully short, while in any case his narrative is not as dull as the previous ones. There is in the Third Book no desert stretch of versified prose, separating one region of poetry from another, such as we find in the First and Second Books. But on the whole, the poetic level of the Third Book is not as high as it is in those. It may be that Spenser sometimes grew tired of the task of twelve cantos he had set himself, for there are other slight signs of weariness beyond an occasional want of wing in the verse. The similes are fewer in number, and some of them less vivid, than before. Here and there, too, we get the repetition of an idea or a phrase which had done service in the earlier part of the *Faerie Queene*, though, from the length of the poem, this was perhaps inevitable. Then some discrepancies of fact occur in the Third Book which seem to point to a less careful revision than was given to Books I. and II.¹

Dean Church, in his "Spenser," brings a charge against the Third Book, the *Legend of Chastity*, that it is "a repetition of the ideas of the latter part of the Second Book, with a heroine, Britomart, in place of the knight of the previous book, Sir Guyon, and with a special glorification of the high-flown and romantic sentiments about purity, which were the poetic creed of the courtiers of Elizabeth." A careful reader of the poem will not feel entirely convinced of this. It is true that Acrasia, who is the chief personification of Intem-

¹ In the head-verse to Canto I. "Duessaes traines" are mentioned, but we hear nothing of her in the text. In the beginning of Canto I. Sir Guyon is spoken of as leaving the house of Alma, but we have not been told that he visited there after his conquest of Acrasia at the end of Book II. In Canto II. (st. 4) Sir Guyon's name is written for that of the Red Cross Knight. In Canto XII. (st. 3) the iron door of Cupid's dwelling becomes a brazen door in stanza 23.

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perance in the Second Book, represents Incontinence, or Unchastity, but it is quite another view of the evil thing than that given in the Third Book. Acrasia is sensual vice in its seductive character of false beauty. She appeals to the senses with a delicate charm, and it is only after her capture and disgrace that we are shown the grossness that descends upon her lovers. In the Third Book, on the contrary, unchastity in the persons of Argante, Ollyphant, the "foster," and others, is made wholly vile, while even Hellenore and Malecasta, fairer personifications, are not attractive. The idea in each book may be that of unchastity, but it is put before us from such a different point of view and in such a different connection that it assumes another appearance and has none of the monotony of repetition.

In the one case unchastity is viewed as the strongest form of Intemperance or want of self-control, and is seen as an allurements besetting even the noblest knight. In the other, it is seen stripped of all allurements, brutal and odious. Moreover, Intemperance being a quality which lies at the root of many of the vices, it is impossible but that we should find its features wherever those vices are brought before us. Had Spenser written a Legend of Courage, we should have found him treating there of intemperance in some personification of Foolhardiness; or if a Legend of Generosity, it would have appeared in the person of Prodigality. But this would not be fairly called a "repetition" of ideas; and unchastity, considered as a form of Intemperance and also as an independent vice, does not necessarily form any further repetition than this. Of "high-flown and romantic sentiments about purity" in this *Legend of Chastity* it is also difficult to feel convinced. The phrase itself is open to question, and this is not the place to discuss it; but what is there to find fault with in the purity exhibited by Britomart, its champion, or by Amoret or

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Florimell? Even that libertine, the Squire of Dames, offers no exaggerated compliment but sober words of approval concerning the "damsel of low degree" in whom he discovered the long-sought virtue. The only place where sentimentality at all appears in connection with purity is in the verses that relate to Belphebe and her choice of a celibate life, and this may be accounted for by the desire of the poet to exalt Queen Elizabeth's unmarried state which it must be remembered was at one time approved of for political reasons by many of her subjects. Otherwise, Spenser's view of purity is marked by dignity and commonsense.

In a brief preface like this many points of interest must of necessity be left untouched, and one of these is the sources from which Spenser derived the subject-matter of his Third Book. There is scarcely an incident or a personage which has not its origin in the Italian poets, the mediæval romances of England, or the Greek or Latin classics.¹ But to the reader who comes to Spenser for simple enjoyment of his poetry this is not a fact of much moment. The fine qualities of this poet, as so often said before, lie not in any originality of story, but in the vivid, glowing and delicate imagination with which he re-clothes the well-worn tales; the humanity he brings out in his leading characters, and especially in his women; the inspiring idealism breathed through and through the poem, and the alluring charm of melody, belonging only to a master-poet, which accompany all this. Then,

"Be silent, whyle this Brittane Orpheus plays."

¹ See Warton's *Observations on the Faerie Queene*.

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ANALYSIS OF BOOK III

Sir Guyon, the Knight of Temperance, and Prince Arthur, leaving the house of Alma (See Bk. II. c. xi.), go forth in search of fresh adventure. After long wandering they meet a knight and an aged squire. Sir Guyon tilts with the knight (who is the lady Britomart disguised) and is worsted. They ~~all~~ go on together in amity, and while passing through a forest there rushes by a fair lady upon a palfrey, pursued by a grisly man of the wood or "forester." Sir Guyon and Prince Arthur follow the lady; Timias, the prince's squire, pursues the forester. Britomart passes on alone to a castle, near which she sees six knights attacking the knight of the Red Cross. She rescues him, and is told the reason of the fight. The lady of the castle has ordained that every knight who passes by shall defend the beauty of his own lady as greater than her own. If he fail in contest he is to become her follower. The party of knights then enter the castle and are entertained by the Lady Malecasta, who falls in love with Britomart. When all have retired for the night, Malecasta enters the chamber of Britomart, who, awakening, prepares to defend herself. The noise arouses the household, and the rest of the knights rush in to take the part of their lady. Britomart and the Red Cross Knight put the rest to flight and leave the castle.

Canto II.—They travel together. Britomart asks the knight concerning Artegall for whom she is searching, and with whose appearance, seen in a magic mirror, she has fallen in love. The poet pauses in the main narrative to tell how she came to see this vision, and its effect upon her, together with the efforts of Glauce, her old nurse, to counteract this love-sickness.

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Canto III.—The same story continued. Glauce and Britomart go, in disguise, to ask help of Merlin the magician. He recognises them, declares the future union of Britomart and Artegall, and prophesies concerning their offspring.

Canto IV. goes back to the main narrative (*Canto II.* st. 16). Britomart, having parted with the Red Cross Knight, comes to the sea-coast, and sitting down bewails her fate. A knight comes by and challenges her to fight. She fells him, and leaves him on the shore. He is Marinell, of whom it has been prophesied a woman shall undo him. His mother, Cymoent, finding him wounded, takes him to be healed of Tryphon beneath the sea.

The narrative now returns to the flight of Florimell (*Canto I.* stanza 15). Prince Arthur follows her, but darkness comes on and he gives up the pursuit. He lies down to rest, lamenting his fate, but rises at break of day to continue the search.

Canto V. continues this narrative. Arthur meets a dwarf from the Fairy court who tells him concerning the flight of the lady, Florimell. She is in search of Marinell, whom she has heard is slain. Arthur joins the dwarf in the search. Meanwhile, Timias in vain pursues the forester, who calls two other villains to his aid. They attack the young squire, but he kills all the three. Helpless and wounded he falls into a swoon. He is found by Belphebe, who cures him, and with whom he falls hopelessly in love, not venturing to declare his passion.

Canto VI.—The narrative turns aside to tell of the miraculous birth of Belphebe and her sister Amoret, and of their adoption by Phœbe and Venus. Amoret was placed under the care of Psyche in the Garden of Adonis, which is described.

Canto VII.—The story returns again to Florimell, who takes

INTRODUCTION

shelter in the cottage of a witch whose son falls in love with her. Florimell escapes from them, but the witch sends a hideous beast in pursuit of her. She reaches the sea and takes flight in a little boat in which lies a sleeping fisherman. Meanwhile the ravening beast seizes her palfrey, but is taken captive by Sir Satyrane (last heard of in Bk. I. c. vi.), who finds the lady's golden girdle. As he leads the beast away he sees a giantess carrying off a young squire, and fleeing from a knight who is pursuing her. Sir Satyrane leaves the beast and joins in the chase. The giantess throws away her captive and fights with Sir Satyrane, who is worsted. She carries him off, but the knight who was pursuing her at first, comes up, and she throws aside Sir Satyrane and escapes. Sir Satyrane, awakening from a swoon, sees, lying near him, the young squire, as the giantess had thrown him down. He helps him up and unlooses his bonds. He says he is the "Squire of Dames" and tells his quest. The giantess into whose hands he had fallen is Argante, and the knight pursuing her is a virgin named Palladine. After hearing this story Satyrane returns for the captive beast, but finds he has escaped.

at Satyrane's show BK

Canto VIII.—The witch, to console her son for the loss of Florimell, makes a false image of that lady and invests it with an evil spirit. The churl walking with this "idole faire" meets Braggadocchio, who snatches away the false Florimell, and takes her for companion. Going together they encounter a bold knight who thinks this false Florimell is the true lady, and in turn seizes her from Braggadocchio. But the real Florimell is on the sea. The sleeping fisherman having awakened, assaults her, but she is rescued by Proteus, who takes her to his sea-bower. He makes love to her, but, on her refusing his suit, grows angry, and throws her into a dungeon beneath the sea.

We return to Sir Satyrane and the "Squire of Dames" who

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meet Sir Paridell. They talk of Florimell, and agree to search for her. Night coming on, they apply for shelter at a castle, but are refused.

Canto IX.—The Squire of Dames explains the refusal. The owner of the castle is Malbecco, whose jealousy of his young wife, Hellenore, causes him to keep out all visitors. They again apply in vain for entrance, and at last take shelter in a little shed. Another knight comes up and would join them, but there is no room, and fighting ensues. Peace is made by Satyrane, and by combined threats they obtain entrance to the castle and are entertained by Malbecco and his young wife, whose presence at the feast they have insisted on. Sir Paridell makes secret court to Hellenore. He and Britomart tell the company of their ancestry.

Canto X.—In the morning all the knights leave the castle except Paridell, who complains of his late wound. He and Hellenore, however, flee together, carrying off treasure and setting fire to the castle. Malbecco follows, but cannot find them. He comes across Braggadocchio, tells his trouble, and help is promised him. They meet Sir Paridell, who says he has left Hellenore in the forest. They go on again, but Trompart persuades Malbecco to bury his treasure for safety before they enter upon the perils of the forest. In the wood they are terrified by the shrill noise of satyrs. Braggadocchio and Trompart flee. Malbecco lies nearly dead of fright, but recovering, creeps in disguise among the satyrs and finds his wife there. She refuses to return with him. He leaves her and goes to dig up his treasure, but finds it stolen. In despair he throws himself over a cliff, but lighting midway on the rock, without hurt, creeps into a cave where he "forgot he was a man" and became Jealousy.

Canto XI.—The story goes back to Britomart and Sir Satyrane. As they leave the castle of Malbecco, they see a

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giant, Ollyphant, pursuing a young man. They follow, and are separated. Britomart comes to a knight, lying by a fountain, in great trouble. He is Sir Scudamore, and she draws from him that Amoret, his lover, is kept in captivity by Busirane, an enchanter who wishes to win her love. Britomart promises to rescue her, and they go together to the enchanter's castle. But at the porch they are beaten back by a "flaming fire." Britomart, however, counsels no retreat, and with her naked sword enters the fire which parts a way for her, but Scudamore is repulsed by the flames. She comes upon two rooms, wonderfully furnished, but no creature therein.

Canto XII.—She watches all night and sees "the Maske of Cupid," and following this procession come Amoret in torment and the enchanter. Then they all disappear. On the second night the door of a third chamber opens, and Britomart, entering, finds Amoret in misery and Busirane working enchantment. She rescues the maiden and takes the wizard captive. Coming out of the castle they find that Scudamore has disappeared as well as the old nurse Glauce.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING

*The Legend of Britomartis,
or of Chastity*

I

IT falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fayrest vertue, farre above the rest ;
For which what needs me fetch from Faery
Forreine ensamples, it to have exprest ?
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart ;
If pourtrayd it might be by any living art.

II

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
His dædale hand would faile and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint :
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daint,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

III

I

B

THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did raine,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my lucklesse lot doth me constraîne
Hereto perforce. But O dred souveraine,
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine,
That I in colourd shoves may shadow it,
And antique praises unto present persons fit.

IV

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Yourselfe you covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with Nectar sprinckeled,
In which a gracious servant pictured
His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnesse ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

V

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse praise; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one herselfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chastitee.

CANTO I

*Guyon encountreth Britomart,
fayre Florimell is chased:
Duessaes traines and Malecastaes
champions are defaced.*

I

THE famous Briton prince and Faerie knight,
After long wayes and perilous paines endured,
Having their wearie limbes to perfect plight
Restored, and sory wounds right well recured,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procured
To make there lenger sojourn and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allured
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abroad,
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together yode.

II

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travell long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faerie court safe to convey;
That her for wnesse of his hard assay
Unto his Faerie Queene he might present:
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seek adventures, as he with Prince Arthur went.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Long so they travelled through wastefull wayes,
¶ Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glorie and renowned praise :
Full many Countries they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve :
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
¶ Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.]

IV

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight that towards pricked faire,
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seem'd to couch under his shield thre-square,
As if that age had him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield :
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

V

Which seeing good Sir Guyon deare besought
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.
He graunted : then the Faery quickly raught
His poinant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fierie feete did burne
The verdant grasse as he thereon did tread ;
Ne did the other backe his foot returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

VI

They beene ymet, and both their points arrived,
 But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
 That seemed both shield and plate it would have rived :
 Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,
 But made him stagger, as he were not well :
 But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
 Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
 Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,
 That mischievous mischance his life and limbes did spare.

VII

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke ;
 For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
 And shivering speare in bloudie field first shooke,
 He found himselfe dishonored so sore.
 Ah gentlest knight, that ever armour bore,
 Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
 And brought to ground, that never wast before ;
 For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene ;
 That speare enchanted was, which layd thee on the greene.

VIII

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
 Much greater grieve and shamefuller regret
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
 That of a single damzell thou wert met
 On equall plaine, and there so hard beset ;
 Even the famous Britomart it was,
 Whom strange adventure did from Britaine fet
 To seeke her lover (love farre sought alas)
 Whose image she had seene in Venus looking glas.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce uprose,
For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came ;
Dye rather would he, then endure that same.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill, and untoward blame.
Which by that new rencounter he should reare ;
For death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare.

X

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade ;
For by his mightie Science he had seene
The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not withstond :
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one evill hond.

XI

By such good meanes he him discourselled
From prosecuting his revenging rage ;
And eke the prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to asswage ;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed, that swarv'd asyde,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde :
So is his angry courage fairly pacifyde.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XII

Thus reconcilment was betweene them knit,
Through goodly temperance and affection chaste;
And either vowd with all their power and wit
To let not others honour be defaste,
Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,
Ne armes to bear against the others syde:
In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII

O goodly usage of those antique times,
In which the sword was servant unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise and prooffe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victorie,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble use envie,
Vile rancour to avoid, and cruell surquedrie.

XIV

Long they thus travelled in friendly wise,
Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dernely tryde:
At length they came into a forrest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
Full griesly seemd: herein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they found,
Save Beares, Lyons, and Buls, which romed them around.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milk-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Ladie did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall stone,
And eke through feare as white as whales bone :
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gave her passing to behold.

XVI

Still as she fled her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evill that pursewed her fast ;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puffe of every blast :
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispreed,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast :
But the sage wizard telles, as he has red,
That it importunes death and dolefull drerihed.

XVII

So as they gazed after her awhile,
Lo where a griesly Foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle :
His tyreling jade he fiersly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gorie sides the blood did gush :
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XVIII

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envie and fell gealosy,
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The prince and Guyon equally bylive
Herselfe purscwd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive :
But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

XIX

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Love, did stay behind ;
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place :
But when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perlous Pace,
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment ;
Ne evill thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

XX

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle farre away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame,
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde :
But faire before the gate a spatious plaine,
Mantled with greene, itselfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw sixe knights, that did darraine
Fiers battell against one, with cruell might and maine.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

Mainly they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
All had he lost much blood through many a wound ;
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,
Made them recoile, and fly from dred decay,
That none of all the sixe before him durst assay.

XXII

Like dastard Curres, that having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Bad those same sixe forbear that single enemy.

XXIII

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse,
But gathering him round about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease ;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace :
Tho gan she myldly of them to inqyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XXIV

Whereto that single knight did answere rame ;
 These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,
 To chaunge my lief, and love another Dame,
 That death me liefer were then such despight,
 So unto wrong to yield my wrested right :
 For I love one, the truest one on ground,
 Ne list me chaunge ; she th' Errant Damzell hight ;
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stound
 I have endurd, and tasted many a bloudy wound.

XXV

Certes, (said she) then beene ye sixe to blame,
 To weene your wrong by force to justifie :
 For knight to leave his Ladie were great shame
 That faithfull is ; and better were to die.
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamie,
 Then losse of love to him that loves but one :
 Ne may love be compeld by maisterie ;
 For soone as maisterie comes, sweet love anone
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

XXVI

Then spake one of those sixe, There dwelleth here
 Within this castle-wall a Ladie faire,
 Whose souveraine beautie hath no living pere ;
 Thereto so bounteous and so debonaire,
 That never any mote with her compaire :
 She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
 That every knight which doth this way repaire,
 In case he have no Ladie nor no love,
 Shall doe unto her service never to remove.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

But if he have a Ladie or a Love,
 Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
 Or else with us by dint of sword approve,
 That she is fairer then our fairest Dame,
 As did this knight, before ye hither came.
 Perdie (said Britomart) the choise is hard :
 But what reward had he that overcame?
 He should advanced bee to high regard,
 (Said they) and have our Ladies love for his reward.

XXVIII

Therefore aread Sir, if thou have a love.
 Love have I sure, (quoth she) but Lady none ;
 Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
 Ne to your lady will I service done,
 But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knigat alone,
 And prove his cause. With that her mortall speare
 She mightily aventred towards one,
 And downe him smot ere well aware he weare ;
 Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

XXIX

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,
 That none of them himselſe could reare againe :
 The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
 All were he wearie of his former paine ;
 That now there do but two of six remaine ;
 Which two did yield, before she did them smight.
 Ah (said she then) now may ye all see plaine,
 That truth is strong, and trew love most of might,
 That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XXX

Too well we see, (said they) and prove too well
Our faulty weaknesse, and your matchlesse might :
Forthy faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight.
So underneath her feet their swords they shard,
And after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the dew reward :
She graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle Joyeous,
(For so that Castle hight by commune name)
Where they were entertaind with curteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their Ladies sight,
That of them cleeped was the Lady of delight.

XXXII

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost ;
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The royall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great pearles and pretious stones embost ;
That the bright glister of their beames cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

These straunger knights through passing, forth were led
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might uneath be red ;
Mote Princes place beseeme so deckt to bee.
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely devise.

XXXIV

The wals were round about appavelled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure ;
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her Paramoure,
The faire Adonis, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

XXXV

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entyst the Boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her Paramoure to be ;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew ;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens vew,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XXXVI

And whilst he slept, she over him would spred
 Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
 And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes ;
 And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
 She secretly would search each daintie lim,
 And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
 And fragrant violets, and Pances trim ;
 And ever with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

XXXVII

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
 And joyd his love in secret unespyde.
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
 To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
 Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,
 She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
 From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
 Mote breede him scath unwares : but all in vaine ;
 For who can shun the chaunce that dest'ny doth ordaine ?

XXXVIII

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,
 And by his side the Goddesse groveling
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
 With her soft garment wipes away the gore
 Which staines his snowy skin with hatefull hew :
 But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use, that use it might :
And all was full of Damzels and of Squires,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desires ;
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fires.

XL

And all the while sweet Musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony ;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and iollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed :
She seemd a woman of great bountihed
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
Did roll too highly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I.]

XLII

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devise
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The Redcrosse Knight was soon disarmed there,
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII

As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may finde the substaunce thin and light
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
Discovers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traveller, that went astray,
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which faire Britomart gave light unto the day.

XLIV

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegmen to this Lady free,
And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

CANTO 1] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

The first of them by name Gardante hight,
A jolly person, and of comely vew ;
The second was Parlante, a bold knight ;
And next to him Iocante did ensew ;
Basciante did himselfe most courteous shew ;
But fierce Bacchante seemd too fell and keene ;
And yet in armes Noctante greater grew :
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene ;
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

XLVI

For she was full of amiable grace
And manly terrour mixed therewithall ;
That as the one stird up affections bace,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe that would in errorr fall :
As he, that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharp thornes and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

XLVII

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignoraunt of her contrary sex,
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex :
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fire,
Like sparkes of fire which fall in sclender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desire,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entire.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XLVIII

Eftsoones she grew to great impatience,
 And into termes of open outrage brust,
 That plaine discovered her incontinence;
 Ne reckt she who her meaning did mistrust;
 For she was given all to fleshly lust,
 And poured forth in sensuall delight,
 That all regard of shame she had discust,
 And meet respect of honour put to flight:
 So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

XLIX

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,
 And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
 Let not her fault your sweet affections marre;
 Ne blot the bounty of all womankind;
 'Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:
 Emongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds;
 For this was not to love, but lust inclind;
 For love does alwayes bring forth bounteous deeds,
 And in each gentle hart desire of honour breeds.

L

Nought so of love this looser Dame did skill,
 But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
 Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
 And treading under foote her honest name:
 Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
 Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
 Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
 And told her meaning in her countenance;
 But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat ;
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fat,
Poured out their plenty, without spight or spare :
Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare ;
(And aye the cups their bancks did overflow.)
And aye betweene the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw ;
But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

LII

So when they slaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The Lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarm, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort :
But when she mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For she her sexe under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne)
In plainer wise to tell her grievance she begon.

LIII

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous grieve,
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire ;
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her brieve,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe
And do her comfort, she mote algates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerie,
Did easily beleve her strong extremitye.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

LIV

Full easie was for her to have beliefe,
 Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
 And by long triall of the inward grieve
 Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
 Could judge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.
 Who meanes no guile, be guiled soonest shall,
 And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe;
~~The bird that knowes not the false fowlers call,~~
~~Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.~~

LV

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise,
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
 For great rebuke it is, love to despise,
 Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
 But with faire countenaunce, as beseeemd best,
 Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
 Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest:
 Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd
 That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steemd.

LVI

Therewith awhile she her flit fancy fed,
 Till she mote winne fit time for her desire,
 But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
~~And through her bones the false instilled fire~~
~~Did spred itselke, and venime close inspire.~~
 Tho were the tables taken all away;
 And every knight, and every gentle Squire,
 Gan choose his dame with *Basciomani* gay,
 With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LVII

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make meriment,
As diverse wits to diverse things apply ;
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII

High time it seemed then for every wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest ;
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guiden every guest :
Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan herselfe despoile,
And safe commit to her soft fethered nest ;
Where through long watch, and late daies weary toile,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

LIX

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe ;
Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And under the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlot mantle covered,
That was with gold and Ermines faire enveloped.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

LX

Then panting soft, and trembling every joynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she moved,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd, unwisely loved ;
And, to her bed approching, first she proved
Whether she slept or wakt, with her soft hand
She softly felt if any member mooved,
And lent her wary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sence shee fond.

LXI

Which whenas none she fond, with easie shift,
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up did lift,
And by her side herselfe she softly layd,
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd ;
Ne any noise she made, ne worde she spake,
But inly sighd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

LXII

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe ded
Through suddein feare and ghastly drierihed,
Did shrieke alowd, that through the house it rong,
And the whole family therewith adred
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LXIII

And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons :
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their Lady lying on the sencelesse grownd ;
On th' other side they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade ;
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayd.

LXIV

About their Lady first they flockt arownd,
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd ;
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch :
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse ;
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

LXV

But one of those sixe knights, Gardante hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheene :
The mortall steele stayd not till it was seene
To gore her side ; yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
(That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe)
Which did her lily smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

LXVI

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischief could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd :
Here, there, and every where, about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abide ;
And eke the Redcrosse knight gave her good ayd,
Ay joyning foot to foot, and side to side ;
That in short space their foes they have quite terrifide.

LXVII

Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight ;
For nothing would she lenger 'nere be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade
Was usd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent .
So sorely ere the grosse Earthes gryesly shade,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their journey went.

CANTO II

*The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall:*

*The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
In love with him did fall.*

I

HERE have I cause in men just blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and chevalree
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall :
Scarse do they spare to one, or two or three,
Rowme in their writs ; yet the same writing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

II

But by record of antique times I find
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclind,
Of which they still the girlond bore away ;
Till envious Men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty ;
Yet sith they warlike armes have layd away
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t' envy.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

III

Of warlike puissance in ages spent,
 Be thou faire Britomart, whose prayse I write,
 But of all wisdom be thou precedent,
 O soveraigne Queene whose prayse I would endite,
 Endite I would as dewtie doth excite ;
 But ah my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
 When in so high an object they doe lite,
 And, striving fit to make, I feare do marre :
 Thyselfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowne farre.

IV

She travelling with Guyon by the way,
 Of sondry things faire purpose gan to find,
 T'abridg their journey long and lingring day ;
 Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mind
 To aske this Briton Mayd, what uncouth wind
 Brought her into those parts, and what inquest
 Made her dissemble her disguised kind :
 Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest,
 But fairest knight alive, when armed was her brest.

V

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
 To speake awhile, ne ready answer make,
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
 As if she had a fever fit, did quake,
 And every daintie limbe with horroure shake ;
 And ever and anone the rosy red
 Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
 Of lightning through bright heaven fulmined :
 At last the passion past she thus him answered.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Faire sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

VII

All my delight on deedes of armes is set,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, whereso they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of richesse or reward:
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The greater Britaine, here to seeke for prayse and fame.

VIII

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Do many famous Knightes and Ladies wonne,
And many straunge adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which I to prove, this voyage have begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

IX

The word gone out she backe againe would call,
 As her repenting so to have missayd,
 But that he it uptaking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered ; Faire martiall Mayd,
 Certes ye misavised beene t' upbrayd
 A gentle knight with so unknighly blame ;
 For weet ye well of all that ever playd
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X

Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
 Or ever do that mote deserven blame :
 The noble courage never weeneth ought
 That may unworthy of itselfe be thought.
 Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
 Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought :
 You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
 And honour both ; for each of other worthy are.

XI

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,
 To heare her Love so highly magnifide ;
 And ioyd that ever she affixed had
 Her hart on knight so goodly-glorifide,
 However finely she it faind to hide.
 The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare
 In the deare closet of her painefull syde
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much reioyce as she reioycd theare.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
Her list in strifull termes with him to balke,
And thus replide ; However, Sir, ye file
Your curteous tongue his prayses to compile,
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguile
A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII

Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
And read, where I that faytour false may find.
Ah but if reason faire might you persuade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,
(Said he,) perhaps ye should it better find :
For hardie thing it is, to weene by might
That man to hard conditions to bind ;
Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowesse paragon saw never living wight.

XIV

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
Where now on earth, or how, he may be found ;
For he ne wonneth in one certaine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world around,
Ay doing thinges that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies cause and Orphans right,
Whereso he heares that any doth cōfound
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might ;
So is his souveraine honour raisde to heavens hight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XV

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,
 And softly sunck into her molten hart ;
 Hart that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
 With hope of thing that may allegge his smart ;
 For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,
 That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay :
 Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
 Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay ;
 So dischord ofte in Musick makes the sweeter lay.

XVI

And said, Sir knight, these ydle termes forbear,
 And sith it is uneath to find his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,
 If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt ;
 For perdie one shall other slay, or daunt : [sted,
 What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed, what
 And whatso else his person most may vaunt ?
 All which the Redcrosse knight to point ared,
 And him in every part before her fashioned.

XVII

Yet him in every part before she knew,
 However list her now her knowledge faine,
 Sith him whilome in Britaine she did vew,
 To her revealed in a mirrhour plaine :
 Whereof did grow her first engrafted paine,
 Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did tast,
 That but the fruit more sweetnesse did containe,
 Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote wast,
 And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

By strange occasion she did him behold,
And much more strangely gan to love his sight,
As it in bookes hath written bene of old.
In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is hight,
What time King Ryence raign'd and dealed right,
The great Magitian Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,
A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd, [niz'd.
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were solem-

XIX

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heavens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd;
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world of glas.

XX

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the Towre
Wherein th' Ægyptian Phao long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake
Ybuided all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet, when his love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXI

Such was the glassie globe that Merlin made,
 And gave unto King Ryence for his gard,
 That never foes his kingdome might invade,
 But he it knew at home before he hard
 Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd:
 It was a famous Present for a prince,
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,
 That treasons could bewray, and foes convince;
 Happie this Realme, had it remained ever since.

XXII

One day it fortun'd, fayre Britomart B
 Into her fathers closet to repayre;
 For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
 Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
 Herselfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
 Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe pertaine.

XXIII

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
 Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
 Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
 So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to done)
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that she lusted after any one:
 For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
 And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
 Lookt foorth, as Phoebus face out of the east,
 Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arise :
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his Heroicke grace and honorable gest.

XXV

His crest was covered with a couchant Hound,
 And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
 But wondrous massie and assured sound,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was, with cyphers old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win.
 And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
 He bore a crowned little Ermilin,
 That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

XXVI

The Damzell well did vew his personage,
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,
 But went her way ; ne her unguilty age
 Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot :
 Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound :
 But the false Archer which that arrow shot
 So slyly that she did not feele the wound,
 Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull stound.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXVII

Thenceforth the feather in her loftie crest,
Ruffed of love, gan lowly to auaile,
And her proud portance and her princely gest,
With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile :
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe ; yet wist she nether how, nor why ;
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy ;
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the shining sky,
And reft from men the worlds desired vew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye ;
But sleepe full farre away from her did fly :
Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
Her dainty couch with teares, which closely she did weepe.

XXIX

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt herselfe opprest,
Streightway with dreames, and with fantastick sight
Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright :
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that faire visage, 'written in her hart.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,
Her aged Nourse, whose name was Glauce hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe her in her warme bed dight :
Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
What uncouth fit, (sayd she,) what evill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead?

XXXI

For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repose :
And all the day, whenas thine equall peares
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thyselfe inclose ;
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
Abroad thy fresh youthes fayrest flowre, but lose
Both leafe and fruit, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII

The time that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And every river eke his course forbearcs,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest ;
Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed grieve,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and anguish rife,
As smoke and sulphurè mingled with confused strife.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXXIII

Aye me how much I feare least love it bee ;
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knownen signes and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster child, to ease thy grieve
And win thy will : Therefore away doe dread :
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre : tell me therefore my liefest liefe.

XXXIV

So having said, her twixt her armes twaine
She streightly straynd, and colled tenderly ;
And every trembling ioynt and every vaine
Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frosen cold away to fly ;
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
Shee ofte did bath, and ofte againe did dry :
And ever her importund, not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

XXXV

The damzell pauzd ; and then thus fearfully ;
Ah Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne ?
Is not enough that I alone doe dye,
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine ?
For nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare, (said she,) despaire no whit ;
For never sore but might a salve obtaine :
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit.

CANTO II] THE FAËRIE QUEENE

XXXVI

But mine is not (quoth she) like other wound ;
For which no reason can finde remedy.
Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,
(Said she) and though no reason may apply
Salve to your sore, yet love can higher stye
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither God of love nor God of sky,
Can doe (said she) that which cannot be donne.
Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme, ere begonne.

XXXVII

These idle words (said she) doe nought asswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed :
For no no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O Nourse, which on my life doth feed,
And suckes the blood which from my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

XXXVIII

Nor man it is, nor other living wight ;
For then some hope I might unto me draw ;
But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subiected to loves cruell law :
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
And pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,
Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II .

XXXIX

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
 Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore
 Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
 That all mine entrailes flow with poysnous gore,
 And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more ;
 Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,
 Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
 And languish as the leafe faln from the tree,
 Till death make one end of my dayes and miseree.

XL

Daughter (said she) what need ye be dismayd,
 Or why make ye such Monster of your mind ?
 Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd :
 Of filthy lust, contrarie unto kind :
 But this affection nothing straunge I find ;
 For who with reason can you aye reprove
 To love the semblant pleasing most your minde,
 And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove ?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

XLI

Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did sett her mynd ;
 Not so did Biblis spend her pining hart ;
 But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,
 And to their purpose used wicked art :
 Yet played Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
 That lov'd a Bull, and learnd a beast to bee :
 Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
 From course of nature and of modestee ?
 Sweet love such lewdnes bands from his faire companee.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my deare)
Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
On one that worthy may perhaps appeare ;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis :
Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis.
With that, upcleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alabaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were ; at last she thus bespake.

XLIII

Beldame, your words doe worke me little ease ;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse grieffe augment.
For they, however shamefull and unkind,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent :
Short end of sorrowes they therby did find ;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their mind.

XLIV

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I fonder then Cephisus foolish child,
Who having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguild ;
I fonder love a shade, the body farre exild.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XLV

Nought like (quoth she) for that same wretched boy
Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure,
Both love and lover, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight ;
No shadow, but a bodie hath in powre :
That body, wheresoever that it light,
May learned be by cyphers or by Magicke might.

XLVI

But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing evill, ere it strength have got,
And thee abandond wholly do possesse ;
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not
Til thou in open field adowne be smot :
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compasse thy desire, and find that loved knight.

XLVII

Her chearefull words much heard the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might ;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busie ayd ;
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprizd her sense : she therewith well apayd,
—The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did steepe,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

Earely the morrow next, before that day
 His joyous face did to the world reveale,
 They both uprose and tooke their readie way
 Unto the Church, their prayers to appeale,
 With great devotion, and with litle zeale :
 For the faire Damzell from the holy herse
 Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale :
 And that old dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

XLIX

Retourned home, the royall Infant fell
 Into her former fit ; for why, no powre
 Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.
 But th' aged Nourse, her calling to her bowre,
 Had gathered Rew, and Savine, and the flowre
 Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill ;
 All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
 And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,
 And many drops of milk and bloud through it did spill.

L

Then taking thrise three haire from off her head,
 Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
 And after having whispered a space
 Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
 She to the virgin said, thrise said she it ;
 Come, daughter, come, come ; spit upon my face,
 Spit thrise upon me, thrise upon me spit ;
 Th' uneven number for this businesse is most fit.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

LI

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd
All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
And ever what she did was streight undonne.
So thought she to undoe her daughters love:
But love that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove;
That well can witnesse, who by triall it does prove.

LII

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd avayle
Ne slake the furie of her cruell flame,
But that she still did waste, and still did wayle,
That through long langour and hart-burning brame,
She shortly like a pyned ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond;
That when old Glauce saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to withstond.

CANTO III

*Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Artegall,
And shewes the famous Progeny,
Which from them springen shall.*

I

MOST sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Love;
Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet fit that doth true beautilie love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deedes and never-dying fame.

II

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That over mortall minds hast so great might,
To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst up th' Heroes high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous monuments.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

III

But thy dread darts in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver prooffe in any, of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre ;
From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did rayse
Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have spredd their living prayse,
That fame in trompe of gold eternally displayes.

IV

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorie,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,
In thy great volume of eternitie :
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious Soveraines goodly auncestrie,
Till that by dew degrees, and long pretence,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

V

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glauce cast, to cure this Ladies grieve ;
Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell that is chiefe,
And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe :
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Lest that it should her turne to foule reprieve
And sore reproch, whenso her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

At last she her avisd, that he, which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what meanes his love might best be wrought :
For, though beyond the Africk Ismaell,
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

VII

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way :
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
Whenso he counseld with his sprights encompass round.

VIII

And if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadfull place :
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rocke that lyes a little space
From the swift Barry, tombling down apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre :
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
For fear the cruell Feendes should thee unwares devowre.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

IX

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines
And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines ;
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stounds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines ;
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sounds
From under that deepe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

X

The cause some say is this : A litle while
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compile
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end :
During which worke the Ladie of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send,
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
Them bound till his returne, their labour not to slake.

XI

In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine
He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe :
Nath'lesse those feends may not their worke forbear,
So greatly his commaundement they feare,
But there doe toyle and travell day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare :
For Merlin had in Magicke more insight
Then ever him before or after living wight :

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay;
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darkesome night he cke could turne to day:
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest things could frame
Whenso him list his enimies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

XIII

And sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre, or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By ~~false~~ illusion of a guilefull Spright
On a faire Ladie Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathravall by right,
And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
Whence he indued was with skill so marvellous.

XIV

They here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
Untill the hardie Mayd (with love to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
Deepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborn feends he to his service bound.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XV

He nought was moved at their entraunce bold,
 For of their comming well he wist afore,
 Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
 As if ought in this world in secret store
 Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
 Then Glauce thus, Let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darkesome dore
 Unwares have prest ; for either fatall end,
 Or other mightie cause, us two did hither send.

XVI

He bad tell on ; And then she thus began.
 (Now have three Moones with borrowd brothers light
 Thrice shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,
 Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
 First rooting tooke ; but what thing it mote bee,
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright :
 But this I read, that but if remedee
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

XVII

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
 That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
 And to her said ; Beldame, by that ye tell,
 More neede of leach-crafte hath your Damozell,
 Then of my skill : who helpe may have elsewhere,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell.
 Th' old woman wox half blancke those wordes to heare :
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE.

XVIII

And to him said, If any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes could have redrest
This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest :
But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow brest,
That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
Or evil spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

XIX

The wizzard could no lenger beare her bord,
But brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd ;
Glauce, what needs this colourable word
To cloke the cause that hath itselſe bewrayd ?
Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele ;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
Hath hither brought, for succour to appele ;
The which the powres to thee are pleased to revele.

XX

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,
Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
Into a cleare Carnation suddeine dyde ;
As faire Aurora, rising hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.
But her old Nourse was nought dishartened,
But vauntage made of that which Merlin had ared.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

XXI

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our grieve,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our plaint, and yield us meet reliefe.
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan forth display;
Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin that meets thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore.

XXII

For so must all things excellent begin; ✓
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin
Till they to heavens hight forth stretched bee.
For from thy wombe a famous Progenee
Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memoree
Of those same antique Peres, the heavens brood,
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their blood.

XXIII

Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Offspring, shall from thee descend;
Brave Captaines, and most mighty warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall upreare, and mightily defend
Against their forrein foe that commes from farre,
Till universall peace compound all civill iarre.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

It was not, Britomart, thy wandering eye
 Glauncing unwares in charmed looking-glas,
 But the streight course of hevenly destiny,
 Led with eternall providence, that has
 Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas :
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To love the prowest knight that ever was.
 Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
 And do by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

XXV

But read (said Glauce) thou Magitian,
 What meanes shall she out seeke, or what wayes take ?
 How shall she know, how shall she finde the man ?
 Or what needs her to toyle, sith fates can make
 Way for themselves their purpose to partake ?
 Then Merlin thus ; Indeece the fates are firme,
 And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake :
 Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirme,
 And guide the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

XXVI

The man whom heavens have ordaynd to bee
 The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall :
 He ~~wonmeth in the land of Fayerree~~
 Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all
 To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
 And whilome by false Faries stolne away,
 Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall ;
 Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
 But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XXVII

But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
And brother unto Cador Cornish king,
And for his warlike feates renowned is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Untill the closure of the Evening :
From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,
To this his native soyle thou back shalt bring,
Strongly to aide his countrey, to withstand
The powre of forrein Paynims which invade thy land.

XXVIII

Great aid thereto his mighty puissaunce
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day ;
Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy lovers pray :
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away ;
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

XXIX

With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late puissaunce, his Image dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent. He from the head
Of his coosen Constantius without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others stead ;
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might
Against his Saxon foes in bloudy field to fight.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

Like as a Lyon, that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
And coming forth, shall spread his banner brave
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake :
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win ;
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make :
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

XXXI

His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succede
In kindome, but not in felicity ;
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed
And with great honour many battells try :
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield :
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

XXXII

Behold the man, and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see ;
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly majestee,
That one of th' old heroes seemes to bee :
He the six Islands, comprovinciall
In auncient times unto great Britaine, ,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sundry kings to do their homage severall.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III.]

XXXIII

All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress,
Untill a straunger king from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse ;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightnesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea with many one
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

XXXIV

He in his furie all shall overrunne,
And holy Church with faithlesse hands deface,
That thy sad people utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace :
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men :
For all thy Cities they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,
That even the wild beast shall dy in starved den.

XXXV

Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And passing Dee with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twice,
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill ;
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise :
For Cadwan pitying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

But, after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake ;
Ne shall auaile the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleake
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire :
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassallage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their ranckled ire.

XXXVII

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,
Both slaine in battail upon Layburne plaine,
Together with the king of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both joynt partakers of their fatall paine :
But Penda, fearefull of like desteny,
Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

XXXVIII

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd ;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good King Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
All holding crosses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrewd :
Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

XXXIX

Whereat Cadwallin wroth, shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
And crowne with martyrdome his sacred head :
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,
With price of silver shall his kingdome buy,
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye ;
But shall with gifts his Lord Cadwallin pacify.

XL

Then shall Cadwallin dye, and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye ;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader with paine
Or powre, be hable it to remedy, .
When the full time prefixt by destiny,
Shall be expird of Britons regiment.
For heaven itselfe shall their successe envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

XLI

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shal be by vision staid from his intent :
For th' heavens have decreed to displace
The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment,
And to the Saxons over-give their government.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shalbe borne,
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe ;
Late King, now captive, late Lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scorne,
Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood :
O who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose Empire lenger here than ever any stood.

XLIII

The Damzell was full deepe empassioned
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake :
Ah but will heavens fury never slake,
Nor vengeaunce huge relent itselfe at last ?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for ever be defast,
And quite from of th' earth their memory be rast ?

XLIV

Nay but the terme (said he) is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,
And the just revolution measured,
That they as Straungers shall be notifide.
For twise foure hundreth yeares shal be supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
And their importune fates all satisfide :
Yet during this their most obscuritee, [may see.
Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them faire

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XLV

For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,
Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat ;
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
The salvage minds with skill of just and trew ;
Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native courage, that his foes shall feare,
Least back againe the kingdom he from them should beare.

XLVI

Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly :
For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There shall a Raven, far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty,
In their avenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

XLVII

Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew :
There shall a Lyon from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Amongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked up, and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile ;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of royall majesty and soveraigne name :
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

NLIX

Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly perswade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more :
Then shall a royall virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

L

But yet the end is not.—There Merlin stayd,
As overcomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discour :
Which suddein fit and halfe extaticke stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behavioure :
At last the fury past, to former hew
He turnd againe, and chearefull looks did shew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

LI

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
 Of all that needed them to be inquired,
 They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
 With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd ;
 Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd,
 How to effect so hard an enterprize,
 And to possesse the purpose they desir'd :
 Now this, now that twixt them they did devise,
 And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

LII

At last the Nourse in her fool-hardy wit
 Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake :
 Daughter, I deemé that counsel aye most fit,
 That of the time doth dew advauntage take ;
 Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
 Sfrong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight
 Octa and Oza, whom he lately brake
 Beside Cayr Verolame, in victorious fight,
 That now all Britanie doth burne in armes bright.

LIII

That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
 Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguise,
 And our weake hands (whom need new strength shall teach)
 The dreadful speare and shield to exercize :
 Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
 I weene, would you misseeme ; for ye bene tall
 And large of limbe t'atchieve an hard emprize,
 Ne ought ye want but skill, which practize small
 Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LIV

And sooth, it ought your corage much inflame
 To heare so often, in that royall hous,
 From whence to none inferiour ye came,
 Bards tell of many women valorous,
 Which have full many feats adventurous
 Performd, in paragone of proudest men :
 The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
 Exploits made Rome to quake, stout Guendolen,
 Renowmed Martia, and redoubted Emmilen ;

LV

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
 Late dayes ensample, which these eies beheld
 In the last field before Menevia,
 Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,
 I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld
 Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody plaine,
 And had not Carados her hand withheld
 From rash revenge, she had him surely slaine,
 Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with paine.

LVI

Ah read, (quoth Britomart) how is she hight ?
 Faire Angela (quoth she) men do her call,
 No whit lesse faire then terrible in fight :
 She hath the leading of a Martiall
 And mightie people, dreaded more then all
 The other Saxons, which do for her sake
 And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.
 Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
 Unto thyselfe, and equall courage to thee take.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

LVII

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the young Damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Sire,
Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don ;
And counseld with her Nourse her Maides attire
To turne into a massy habergeon,
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

LVIII

Th' old woman nought that needed did omit ;
But all thinges did conveniently purvay :
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons, ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well besene.

LIX

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caused to be hanged hy
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments
Of his succeſſe and gladfull victory :
Of which herselfe avising readily,
In th' evening late old Glauce thither led
Faire Britomart, and that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled
Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LX

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
Which Bladud made by Magick art of yore,
And usd the same in battell aye to beare ;
Sith which it had bin here preserv'd in store,
For his greet vertues proved long afore ;
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore :
Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it :
Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

LXI

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,
About herselfe she dight, that the young Mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her Squire attend her carefully :
Tho to their ready Steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them espy,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselves they forth convaid and passed forward right.

LXII

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as Merlin them directed late :
Where meeting with this Redcrosse knight, she fond
Of diverse things discourses to dilate,
But most of Arthegall and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part :
Then each to other, well affectionate
Friendship professed with unfained hart,
The Redcrosse knight diverst, but forth rode Britomart.

CANTO IV

*Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the Rich strond:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.*

I

WHERE is the Antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
Where be the battels, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

II

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with envy sore,
To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greekish blood so oft in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdaine.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Yet these, and all that els had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.
Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this Lady I derive along.

IV

Who when through speaches with the Redcrosse knight,
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
And in each point herselfe informd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and Congé tooke withall.
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwayes of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

V

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dofte her armes ; but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display
Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray :
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind ;
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, curteous, and kind.)

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

VI

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart ;
But so her smart was much more grievous bred,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guidance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her address.

VII

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting down upon the rocky shore,
Bad her old Squire unlace her lofty creast ;
Tho having vewd awhile the surges hore
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devoring covetize restrynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

VIII

Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous grieve,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why do thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull life?
O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in these troubled bowels raignes, and rageth rife.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

For else my feeble vessell, crazd, and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that love it steres, and fortune rowes.
Love my lewd Pilot hath a restlesse minde,
And fortune Boteswaine no assurāunce knowes,
But saile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind :
How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

X

Thou god of winds, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the Continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent :
Then when I shall myselfe in safety see,
A table for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace and my great ieopardie,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee.

XI

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy grieve ;
For her great courage would not let her weepe ;
Till that old Glauce gan with sharpe reprieve
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall wombe, to be in heaven enrold.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO .

XII

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where farre away one all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde ;
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light :
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path ;
Love and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

XIII

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engrost,
The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last
The watry Southwinde from the seabord cost
Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'st,
And poures itselfe forth in a stormy showre ;
So the faire Britomart, having disclo'ste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of grieve dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

XIV

Eftsoones her goodly shield addressing faire,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battell did herselfe prepaire.
The knight approching, sternely her bespake ;
Sir Knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take ;
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

BOOK IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

B
Ythrild with deepe disdain of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly;
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy.
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpe speares the rest made dearly knownc.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

XVI

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
That through his three square scuchin percing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her lance,
Till sadly soucing on the sandie shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

XVII

Like as the sacred Oxe that carelesse stands,
With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astownd
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO .

XVIII

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her readie way
Along the strond, which as she over-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre ;
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despised all ; for all was in her powre.

XIX

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare ;
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoent,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin ; who on a day
Finding the nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father Marinell did name,
And in a rocky cave as wight forlorne
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne :
For never man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to travell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

BOOK IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Farie Lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade.
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T' endow her sonne with treasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

XXII

The God did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund,
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge treasure, which the sea, below
Had in his greedie gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe,
And often waile their wealth which he from them did keepe.

XXIII

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian kings;
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewheare.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO .

XXIV

Thereto he was a doughtie dreaded knight,
 Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
 That none in equall armes him matchen might,
 The which his mother seeing, gan to feare
 Least his too haughtie hardines might reare ,
 Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life :
 Forthy she oft him counseld to forbear
 The bloody battell, and to stirre up strife,
 But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife.

XXV

And for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
 One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
 (For Proteus was with prophecie inspir'd)
 Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,
 And the sad end of her sweet Marinell.
 Who through foresight of his eternall skill,
 Bad her from womankind to keepe him well :
 For of a woman he should have much ill,
 A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

XXVI

Forthy she gave him warning every day
 The love of women not to entertaine ;
 A lesson too too hard for living clay,
 From love in course of nature to refrain :
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
 And ever from faire Ladies love did fly ;
 Yet many Ladies Faire did oft complaine,
 That they for love of him would algates dy :
 Dy, whoso list for him, he was loves enemy.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

But ah, who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That when he sleepes in most security,
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bad him womens love to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

XXVIII

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That Proteus prophecide should him dismay,
The which his mother vainely did expound
To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So tickle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which do play
With double senses, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknownen purpose of eternall fate.

XXIX

Too true the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in senselesse swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.
Which when his mother deare did understand,
And heavy tydings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads faire to shade.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXX

Eftsoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent,
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gameson merth to grievous dreriment :
She threw herselfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne ;
And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

XXXI

Soone as she up out of her deadly fit
Arose, she bad her charet to be brought,
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
Bad eke attonce their charets to be sought ;
Tho full of bitter griefe and pensive thought,
She to her wagon elombe ; clombe all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorrow fraught.
The waves obedient to their beheast
Them yielded readie passage, and their rage surceast.

XXXII

Great Neptune stoode amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid,
And eke himselfe mournd at their mournfull plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did
For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
His mightie waters to them buxome bee :
Eftsoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charet of sad Cymoent ;
They were all taught by Triton, to obay
To the long raynes at her commaundement :
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,
That their brode flaggie finnes no fome did reare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent ;
The rest of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

XXXIV

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the Rich strond, their charrets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore
Their tender feete upon the stony ground :
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they found
The lucklesse Marinell, lying in deadly swound ;

XXXV

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recovered be out of her paine ;
Had she not bene devoyd of mortall slime,
She should not then have bene reliv'd againe :
But soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from teares refraine,
And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXXVI

Deare image of myselfe (she sayd) that is,
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high aduancement, O is this
Th' immortall name, with which thee yet unborne
Thy Gransire Nereus promist to adorne?
Now lyst thou of life and honor rest;
Now lyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
Ne of thy late life memory is lefte,
Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be weft?

XXXVII

Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis,
And they more fond, that credit to thee give,
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
That so deepe wound through these deare members drive.
I feared love: but they that love do live,
But they that die, doe neither love nor hate.
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive,
And to myselfe, and to accursed fate
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdomes bought too late.

XXXVIII

O what avails it of immortall seed
To beene ybred and never borne to die?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed
Then waste in woe and wailefull miserie.
Who dyes the utmost dolor doth aby, e,
But who that lives, is left to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicitie.
'Sad life worse then glad death; and greater crosse
To see friends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrosse.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
And my short blisse maligne ; yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eyes of my deare Marinell
I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt.
Yet maulgre them farewell, my sweetest sweet ;
Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

XL

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his griesly wound :
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmd, and spredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver round,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice ; which having well upbound
They poud in souveraine balme, and Nectar good,
Good both for erthly med'cine, and for heavenly food.

XLI

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore,
(This Liagore whylome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Appolloes lore,
Sith her whylome upon high Pindus hill
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With hevenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong,)
Did feele his pulse, she knew there staid stil
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong ;
Which to his mother told, despeire she from her flong.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XLII

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
They easily unto her charet beare :
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strow with flowres the lamentable beare :
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage sheare ;
Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke cloudes, that threat a stormy showre,
And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally :
There they him laid in easie couch well dight ;
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might ;
For Tryphon of sea gods the souveraine leach is hight.

XLIV

The whiles the Nymphes sit all about him round,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight ;
And oft his mother vewing his wide wownd,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight.
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike Maid, th' ensample of that might,
But fairely well she thrivd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courtcous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
She left, pursewing that same foster strong ;
Of whose foule outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through
Those two great champions did attonce pursew [plains,
The fearefull damzell with incessant paines ;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swift, and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way ;
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

XLVII

But ~~Timias~~ the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy, and indignant ire,
After that wicked foster fiercely went.
So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent.
But fairest fortune to the Prince befell,
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,
To take that way, in which that Damozell
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as feend of hell.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XLVIII

At last of her farre off he gained vew :
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept warie heed :
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dreed :
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes, to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX

But nothing might relent her hasty flight ;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foul swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright :
Like as a fearefull Dove, which through the raine
Of the wide aire her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,
Doubleth her haste for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid fermament.

L

With no lesse haste, and eke with no lesse dreed,
That fearefull Ladie fled from him that ment
To her no evill thought nor evill deed ;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent :
And though oft looking backward, well she vewd
Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her sewd,
Yet she no lesse the knight feared then that villain rude.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were seldome seene,
That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene :
Yet he her followd still with courage keene
So long that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And warnd his other brethren ioyeous,
To light their blessed lamps in Joves eternall hous.

LII

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre ;
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceasse his suit and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte,
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursed night that reft from him so goodly scope.

LIII

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd ;
Like as a ship, whose Lodestar suddenly
Covered with cloudes her Pilot hath dismayd ;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low,
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
Upon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throw ;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

LIV

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest ;
Instead thereof sad sorrow, and disdaine
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine :
Oft did he wish that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine ;
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee :
And ever hastie Night he blamed bitterlie.

LV

Night thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavie death, and nurse of woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
Where by the grim flood of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is, in Herebus blacke hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband is the foe
Of all the gods,) where thou ungratious,
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horreur hideous.

LVI

What had th' eternall Maker need of thee
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
The slouthfull bodie, that doth love to steepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
Calles thee his goddess, in his error blind,
And great dame Natures handmaide, chearing every kind.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LVII

But well I wote that to an heavy hart
Thou art the root and nourse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts :
Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares,
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
The drearie image of sad death appears :
So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

LVIII

Under thy mantle blacke there hidden lye
Light-shonning theft, and traiterous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceit, and daunger imminent,
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment :
All these I wote in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent :
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdnesse love, do hate the light to see.

LIX

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing, as it is in deed :
The prayeses of high God he faire displays,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed.
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
Which darknesse shall subdue and heaven win :
Truth is his daughter ; he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin without spot of sin.
Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth begin.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

LX

O when will day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long-expected light ?
O Titan, haste to reare thy joyous waine ;
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright,
And chase away this too long lingring night,
Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell.
She, she it is, that hath me done despight :
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her roome to day, that can it governe well.

LXI

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare,
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine :
And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
His deawy head out of the Ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed. So forth he went,
With heavie looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent :
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his intent.

CANTO V

*Prince Arthur hears of Florimell:
Three fosters Timias wound;
Belphæbe findes him almost dead,
And reareth out of sownd.*

I

WONDER it is to see, in diverse mindes,
How diversly love doth his pageaunts play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day:
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II

Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creepe into his noble brest,
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest;
It lets not scarce this Prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

III

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde,
To finde some issue thence, till that at last
He met a Dwarfe that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill, which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him aghast ;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he travelled so fast :
For sore he swat, and running through that same
Thicke forest, was bescracht, and both his feet nigh lame.

IV

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Faery court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great sway
And high accompt throughout all Elfin Land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way :
Her now I seeke ; and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand.

V

What mister wight (said he) and how arayd ?
Royally clad (quoth he) in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd ;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
A fairer wight did never Sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snow,
Yet she herselfe is whiter manifold :
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Now certes swaine (said he) such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A foule ill favoured foster, I have seene ;
Herselfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay ; so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
Ah dearest God (quoth he) that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare.
But can ye read Sir, how I may her finde, or where ?

VII

Perdy me lever were to weeten that,
(Said he) then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat :
But froward fortune, and too forward Night
Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandreth thus alone ;
For of her errour straunge I have great ruth and mone.

VIII

That Lady is, (quoth he) whereso she bec,
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
That ever living eye I weene did see ;
Lives none this day, that may with her compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright ;
And is ycleped Florimell the faire,
Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

IX

A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loved dearly well ;
In other none, but him, she sets delight,
All her delight is set on Marinell ;
But he sets nought at all by Florimell :
For Ladies love his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell.
But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

X

Five daies there be, since he (they say) was slaine,
And foure, since Florimell the Court forwent,
And vowed never to returne againe
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood gent,
And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way ;
Do one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI

So may ye gaine to you full great renownme
Of all good Ladies through the worlde so wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide :
At least eternall meede shall you abide.
To whom the Prince ; Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,
For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forsake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for Ladies sake.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

So with the Dwarfe he backe return'd againe,
To seeke his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in mind,
For doubt of daunger which mote him betide;
For him he loved above all mankinde,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever Squire that waited by knights side.

XIII

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger, which to him betid;
For whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely rid
To bene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire Damzell: him he chaced long
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would have hid
His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

XIV

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast;
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deeds, which dayly he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heavy plague that for such leachours is prepard.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XV

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight
Which he had borne of his bold enimee :
Tho to his brethren came : for they were three
Ungratious children of one gracelesse sire,
And unto them complained how that he
Had used bene of that foolehardy Squire :
So them with bitter words he stird to bloudy ire.

XVI

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him forth into the forest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive
In their sterne breasts, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight :
For they had vow'd, that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might ;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

XVII

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade ;
And now by fortune it was overflowne :
By that same way they knew that Squire unknowne
Mote algates passe ; forthy themselves they set
There in await, with thicke woods overgrowne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats his passage through the ford to let.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

It fortunèd, as they devized had,
The gentle squire came ryding that same way,
Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay ;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

XIX

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With so fell force, and villeinous despighte,
That through his haberjeon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles emperced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite :
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite ;
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

XX

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will ;
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill ;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deepely did it thrill :
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXI

At last through wrath and vengeance, making way,
He on the bancke arriv'd with mickle paine,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and maine
A forrest bill, which both his hands did straine;
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flow.

XXII

Hee tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to let him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho gan the battell freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

XXIII

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;
His sinfull soule with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

That seeing now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horreur, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad ;
Which faintly fluttering, scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

XXV

With that, he would have fled into the wood ;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent ;
The carkas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backward on the Continent.
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne ; [nowne ;
They three be dead with shame, the Squire lives with re-

XXVI

He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne ;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne ;
Yet still the bloud forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest Squire alive,
Else shall thy loving Lord thee see no more,
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXVII

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way ;
For loe ~~great grace or fortune~~ thither brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
She that base Braggadochio did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest runne ;
Belphoebe was her name, as faire as Phoebus sunne.

XXVIII

She on a day, as she pursewd the chace
Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of bloud, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinckled all the grassy greene ;
By the great persue which she there perceav'd
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste, the life to have bereav'd ;
But ah her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

XXIX

Shortly she came whereas that woefull Squire
With bloud deformed, lay in deadly swownd ;
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The Christall humor stood congealed rownd ;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,
Knotted with bloud in bounces rudely ran,
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosie red were woxen pale and wan.

CANTO v] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or rive in twaine : which when that Lady bright,
Besides all hope with melting eyes did vew,
All suddainly abasht she chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to start :
But when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart :
The point of pittie perced through her tender hart.

XXXI

Meekly shee bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frozen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulses beating rife
That the weake soule her seat did yet retaine,
She cast to comfort him with busy paine :
His double-folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine ;
His mayled haberjeon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXII

Into the woods thenceforth in hast she went,
To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy ;
For shee of hearbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymphe, which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew Nobility :
There, whether it divine Tobacco were,
Or Panachæa, or Polygony,
She found, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood neare.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXXIII

The soveraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze ;
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze ;
And round about, as she could well it uze,
The flesh therewith she suppld and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme and soke the swelling bruze ;
And after having searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keepe.

XXXIV

By this he had sweet life recur'd againe,
And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,
His watry eyes drizling like deawy raine,
He up gan lift toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies :
Therewith he sigh'd, and turning him aside,
The goodly mayd full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV

Mercy deare Lord (said he) what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,
To comfort me in my distressed plight ?
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right ?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenesse me returnd to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines sweete
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Thereat she blushing said: Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesses I, nor Angell, but the Mayd
And daughter of a woody Nympe, desire
No service but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
We mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To common accidents still open layd,
Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,
To succour wretched wights whom we captived see.

XXXVII

By this her Damzels, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her arryv'd,
As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had been depriv'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,
And every one to runne the swiftest stryv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was, arrived at the last.

XXXVIII

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wownd,
They wondred much, and shortly understood
How him in deadly case their Lady fownd,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those Damzels search, which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conveyd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXXIX

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines round about environed
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading itselfe into a spacious plaine.
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemed to plaine
With gentle murmure, that his course they did restraine.

XL

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of gods high praise, and of their loves sweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradize had beene :
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes living it mote well delight.

XLI

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better salves new drest ;
Dayly she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to garish, that she might,
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight :
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

O foolish Physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one and makes another wound :
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be unbound,
To be captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despaire without aleggeaunce.

XLIII

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd :
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole.
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles dayly plaisters to his wound she layd,
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
Ah God, what other could he do at least,
But love so faire a lady, that his life releast ?

XLIV

Long while he strove in his courageous brest,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest :
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraigne bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constrained :
But when his meane estate he did review,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restrained,
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell love thus plained.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XLV

Unthankfull wretch (said he) is this the meed,
With which her soveraigne mercy thou doest quight?
Thy life she saved by her gracious deed,
But thou doest weene with villeinous despight,
To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Faire death it is to shonne more shame, to dy:
Dye rather, dye, than ever love disloyally.

XLVI

But if to love disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah farre be such reproach fro mee.
What can I lesse do, then her love therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore:
Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve;
Dying her serve, and living her adore;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
Dye rather, dye, then ever from her service swerve.

XLVII

But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace
To her, to whom the heavens doe serve and sew?
Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,
She heavenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
How then? of all love taketh equall vew;
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew?
If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love forsake.

CANTO v] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last
To yield himselfe unto the mighty ill,
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward parts and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face, nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite drye up and blast ;
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX

Which seeing faire Belpheobe gan to feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not healed,
Or that the wicked steele empoysned were :
Litle she weend that love he close concealed ;
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congealed
When the bright sunne his beams thereon doth beat ;
Yet never he his hart to her revealed ;
But rather chose to dye for sorow great,
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

I.

She gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy :
Many Restoratives of vertues rare
And costly Cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne mallady :
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
A love-sick hart, she did to him envy ;
To him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

LI

That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne :
Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,
But lapped up her silken leaves most chaire,
Whenso the froward skye began to lowre ;
But soone as calmed was the christall aire,
She did it fayre dispred, and let to florish faire.

LII

Eternall God, in his almighty powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whilome did plant this flowre ;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admire
In gentle Ladies brest, and bounteous race
Of woman-kind it fayrest flowre doth spire,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire.

LIII

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,
With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chastity and vertue virginal,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LIV

To youre faire selves a faire ensample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe faire,
To whom in perfect love, and spotless fame
Of chastitie, none living may compaire :
Ne poysnous Envy justly can empaire
The prayse of her fresh-flowring Maidenhead ;
Forthy she standeth on the highest staire
Of th' honourable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity,
Nathlesse she was so curteous and kind,
Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues strove to find
The higher place in her Heroick mind :
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of womankind
And both encreast her beautie excellent ;
So all did make in her a perfect complement,

CANTO VI

*The birth of faire Belphebe and
Of Amoret is told.
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.*

I

WELL may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royal Citadell,
The great schoolmistresse of all curtesy :
Seemeth that such wilde woods should far expell
All civill usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II

But to this faire Belphebe in her berth
The heavens so favourable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne ;
Jove laught on Venus from his soveraigne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime ;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue, and true bountihed,
Till to her dew perfection she was ripened.

IV

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree,
She bore Belphebe, she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place :
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace.
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

V

It were a goodly storic, to declare,
By what straunge accident faire Chrysogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare,
In this wild forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone :
For not as other wemens commune brood
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodic, nor with commune food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

VI

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' heavens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a sommers shynie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t' allay;
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew.

VII

Till faint through irkesome werinesse adowne
Upon the grassie ground herselfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd;
~~The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,~~
Being through former bathing mollifide,
~~And pierst into her wombe ; where they embayd~~
With so sweet sence and secret power unspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

VIII

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd:
So after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shynd.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Great father he of generation
 Is rightly cald, th' author of life and light ;
 And his faire sister for creation
 Ministreth matter fit, which, tempred right
 With heate and humour, breedes the living wight.
 So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone,
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
 Wondred to see her belly so upblone,
 Which still increast, till she her terme had full outgone.

X

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
 She fled into the wildernesse a space,
 Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
 And shund dishonor, which as death she feard ;
 Where wearie of long travell, downe to rest
 Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard ;
 There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
 And scized every sense with sorrow sore opprest.

XI

It fortun'd, faire Venus having lost
 Her little sonne, the winged god of love,
 Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
 Was from her fled, as flit as ayerie Dove,
 And left her blisfull bowre of joy above,
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When she for ought him sharpely did reprove,
 And wandred in the world in strange aray,
 Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray.)

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XII

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beautie and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt ;
And searched every way through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect :
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things
Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII

First she him sought in Court ; where most he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not ;
But many there she found which sore accused
His falsehood, and with fowle infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot :
Ladies and Lords she every where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysoned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had wyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

XIV

She then the Citties sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, did he him see ?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltye
Of his sharp dartes and whot artillerie ;
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischievous deedes, and said, That hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquired,
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedlesse harts with love had fyred,
And his false venom through their veines inspyred;
And eke the gentle shepherd swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyred,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

XVI

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and Forrests wyde,
In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde,
Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
Forthy she thether cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

XVII

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbes the dusty sweat,
And soyle which did deforme their lively hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XVIII

She, having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lancke loynes ungirt, and breasts unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste ;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinckled light.

XIX

Soone as she Venus saw behind her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surprized ;
And wexe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
That had not her thereof before avized,
But suffred her so carelesly disguised
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she comprized
Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

XX

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wilderness for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures fraught :
That suddein change she strange adventure thought.
To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardness from her was fled ;
That she repented sore to have him angered.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing sayd ;
Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd
To your disports ; ill mote ye bene apayd.
But she was more engrieved, and replide ;
Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride ;
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

XXII

As you in woods and wanton wilderness
Your glory set, to chace the salvage beasts,
So my delight is all in joyfulness,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts :
And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the joy that Jove is glad to seeke ;
We both are bound to follow heavens beheasts
And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke ;
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke.

XXIII

And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard
To lurke emongst your Nymphes in secret wize,
Or keepe their cabins : much I am affeard,
Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize :
So may he long himselfe full easie hide :
For he is faire and fresh in face and guise
As any Nympe ; (let not it be envyde).
So saying every Nymph full narrowly she eyde.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXIV

But Phoebe therewith sore was angered,
And sharply said ; Goe dame, goe seeke your boy,
Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed ;
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish joy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy :
But if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearely shall aby :
He clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

XXV

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeased,
She inly sory was, and gan relent
What she had said : so her she soone appeased
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleasd, and forth her damzells sent
Through all the woods, to search from place to place,
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

XXVI

To search the God of love her Nymphes she sent
Throughout the wandering forrest every where :
And after them herselfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive, both farre and nere,
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert, whereas lay
Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce whilere :
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Unwares she them conceiv'd, unwares she bore :
She bore withouten paine, that she conceived
Withouten pleasure : ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide : which when they both perceived,
They were through wonder nigh of sense bereaved,
And gazing each on other, nought bespake :
At last they both agreed, her seeming grieved
Out of her heavy swowne not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

XXVIII

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried, to be fostered :
Dame Phœbe to a Nymph her babe betooke,
To be upbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
And of herselfe her name Belphœbe red :
But Venus hers hence far away conveyd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,
And in her litle loves stead, which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX

She brought her to her joyous paradize,
Where most she wonnes, when she on earth does dwell
So faire a place, as Nature can devise :
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus be, I wote not well ;
But well I wote by tryall, that this same
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
And called is by her lost lovers name,
The Gardin of Adonis, farre renownd by fame.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXX

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht : there is the first seminarie
Of all things that are borne to live and die,
According to their kindes. Long worke it were
Here to account the endlesse progenie
Of all the weedes that bud and blossome there ;
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

XXXI

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walles on either side ;
The one of yron, the other of bright-gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor overstride ;
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas ;
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride :
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

XXXII

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world desire ;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleshly weedes would them attire :
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Gardin planted be againe,
And grow afresh, as they had never scene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine ;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world againe,
Till thither they returne, where first they grew :
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

XXXIV

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sow,
To plant or prune ; for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mightie word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty lord
That bad them to increase and multiply :
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry ;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

XXXV

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by itselfe, and ranckt in comely rew :
Some fitt for reasonable soules t' indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the Ocean could not containe them there.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXXVI

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more ;
Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
But still remaines in everlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore.
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknesse and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies,
The substances of natures fruitfull progenyes.

XXXVII

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
Which whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a bodie, and doth then invade
The state of life, out of the griesly shade.
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so,
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
But chaunged is and often altdred to and fro.

XXXVIII

The substance is not chaunged, nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion ;
For every substance is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion :
For formes are variable and decay,
By course of kind, and by occasion ;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who with his scyth addrest,
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard:
He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

XL

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard, and spoyled quight:
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight.
When walking through the Gardin, them she spyde,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.
For all that lives is subject to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

XLI

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Gardin growes,
Should happy be, and have immortall blis:
For here all plentie, and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealosie:
Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does envie
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XLII

There is continuall Spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one time :
For both the boughes doe laughing blossomes beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Prime,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clime,
Which seeme to labour under their fruits lode :
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pastime
Emongst the shadie leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspition tell abode.

XLIII

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shadie boughes sharpe steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight.

XLIV

And in the thickest covert of that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton yvie twyne entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part,
That nether Phœbus beams could through them throng,
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore ;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure,
And dearest love ;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore,
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath given endlesse date.

XLVI

There wont faire Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis joyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy :
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy ;
But she herselfe, whenever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

XLVII

And sooth it seemes they say : for he may not
For ever die, and ever buried bee
In balefull night, where all things are forgot ;
All be he subject to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie :
For him the Father of all formes they call ;
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XLVIII

There now he liveth in eternall blis,
Joying his goddesses, and of her enjoyd :
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd :
For that wild Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,
That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd,
In a strong rocky Cave, which is they say,
Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him losen may.

XLIX

There now he lives, in everlasting joy,
With many of the Gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy
Sporting himselfe in safe felicity :
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
Aside, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

L

And his true love faire Psyche with him playes,
Fayre Psyche to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
With which his mother Venus her revyld,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld :
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

Hither great Venus brought this infant faire
The younger daughter of Chrysogonee,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee
And trained up in trew feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead.

LII

In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And Lodestarre of all chaste affectione
To all faire Ladies that doe live on ground.
To Faery court she came; where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and found
His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruell wound.

LIII

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore,
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and stedfast loialty:
As ye may elsewhere read that ruefull history.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO-VI

LIV

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fled so fast from that same foster stearne
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell :
That was to weet, the goodly Florimell ;
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

CANTO VII

*The witches sonne loves Florimell:
She flyes, he faines to dy.
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
From Gyants tyrannie.*

I

LIKE as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard,
And every leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast ;
So fled faire Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast :
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

II

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewd
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slacke her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest :
And her white Palfrey, having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where ever he thought best.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

III

So long as breath, and hable puissance
Did native courage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduance,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby.
He having through incessant travell spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move. The lady gent
Thereat was suddein strooke with great astonishment.

IV

And forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare
A traveller unwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she travelled, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subject to the same,
All coverd with thick woods that quite it overcame.

V

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyde,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

(There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes ;
So choosing solitarie to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envide.

VII

The Damzell there arriving entred in ;
Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin :
Who soone as she beheld that suddeine stound,
Lightly upstartd from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze.
But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did daze.

VIII

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what devill had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought ?
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought
Her mildly answer'd ; Beldame be not wroth
With silly Virgin by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

IX

With that adowne out of her Christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two Orient pearles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke ; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,
Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall ;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight.

X

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
And wearie limbes awhile. She nothing quaint
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon,
As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

XI

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament ;
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some Goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright ;
T' adore thing so divine as ~~beauty were~~ but right.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne.
But stretched forth in idlenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade :
Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

XIII

He comming home at undertime, there found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw
Sitting beside his mother on the ground ;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terrour and with aw
So inly smot, that as one which had gaz'd
On the bright sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd ;
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence derived,
That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arrived ?
But she, as one nigh of her wits deprived,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered ;
Like to a ghost, that lately is revived
From Stygian shores, where late it wandered ;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XV

But the faire Virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild,
Her gentle speach applide, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time the Chorle through her so kind
And curteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind ;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

XVI

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire ;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire ;
His caytive thought durst not so high aspire,
But with soft sighes, and lovely semblaunces,
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread ; many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kind remembraunces.

XVII

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His maistresse prayses, sweetly caroled,
Girlandes of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight ; sometimes the squirrel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow servant vild ;
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and mild.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

But past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might be by th' witch, or by her son compast ;
Her wearie Palfrey closely, as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

XIX

And earely ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth issewed, and on her journey went ;
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did itselfe present ;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne ;
Who when too late awaking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had bene undonne.

XX

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare ;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare :
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare,
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke hight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXI

All wayes shee sought, him to restore to plight,
— With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares,
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
Asswage the fury, which his entrails teares :
— So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helps she saw to faile,
She turnd herselfe backe to her wicked leares,
And by her diuinish arts thought to preuaile,
To bring her backe againe, or worke her final bale.

XXII

Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she cald
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest courage have appald ;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect ;
Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas :
Like never yet did living eie detect ;
But likest it to an Hyena was
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feede on gras.

XXIII

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge,
Through thicke and thin her to pursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornefull grace.
The Monster swifte as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie ;
That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse then dread to die,
And her flit Palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilst his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare :
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

XXV

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremitie ful sore,
And of her safetic greatly grew afraid ;
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse :
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sicknesse.

XXVI

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging fathers hond :
Nor halfe so fast to save her maidenhed,
Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Ægean strond,
As Florimell fled from that Monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught :
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught :
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her courage taught.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII]

XXVII

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
As shee arriv'd on the roring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little boate lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand :
Into the same she lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand :
So safetie found at sea, which she found not at land.

XXVIII

The Monster ready on the pray to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight ;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turn his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame :
Yet to avenge his develish despight,
He set upon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly, ere any reskew came.)

XXIX

And after having him embowelled,
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he travelled ;
Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloudy field did fight ;
But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
And courtly services, tooke no delight,
But rather joyed to be than seemen sich :
For both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raungd abroad to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine ;
He was all armd in rugged steele unfiled,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hed :
He comming present, where the Monster vilde
Upon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

XXXI

There well perceivd he, that it was the horse
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse :
Much feared he least ought did ill betide
To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride ;
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide :
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore apall

XXXII

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes and cruell battery
Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly daunger to defend :
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him dye, but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII]

XXXIII

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And himself weaker through infirmity :
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away he lightly lept
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored and raged to be underkept :
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept.

XXXIV

As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong banckes his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne :
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
To see his whole yeares labour lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

XXXV

So him he held, and did through might amate :
So long he held him, and him bet so long,
That at the last his fiercenesse gan abate,
And meekely stoup unto the victour strong :
Who to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell ;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her sc slender wast, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the beast, that lowd did rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victour to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obey ;
Yet never learned he such service, till that day.

XXXVII

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse
Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppressse ;
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

XXXVIII

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He left his captive Beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter, ere she passed by ;
But she the way shund nathemore forthy,
But forward gallopt fast ; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran, she having him descryde,
Herselfe to fight address, and threw her lode aside.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXXIX

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culver, having spide on hight
An Egle, that with plummy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battell doth herselfe prepare :
So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight ;
Her frie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

XL

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life deprived ;
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arrived ;
Yet nathemore the steele asunder rived,
All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle drived ;
But glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI

Her Steed did stagger with that puisaunt strooke ;
But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
Or on the marble Pillour that is pight
Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay
With burning charet wheelles it nigh to smite :
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest :
Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from East to West :
Which when his cruell enmy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoynd syde to syde ;

XLIII

And, on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand,
Or helpe himselfe, and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight
That her pursewed saw, with great remorse
He neare was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

XLIV

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily ;
For she list not the battell to abide,
But made herselfe more light away to fly :
Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye,
That almost in the backe he oft her strake :
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make ;
But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII]

XLV

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce :
At length he spyde whereas that woüull Squire
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

XLVI

To whom approching, well he mote perceive
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age :
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Gyaunts hands,
And who that was which chaced her along the lands.

XLVII

Then trembling yet through feare the Squire bespake ;
That Geauntesse Argante is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against heaven, and heaped hils on hight
To scale the skyes, and put Jove from his right :
Her sire Typhoeus was, who mad through merth,
And drunke with bloud of men, slaine by his might,
Through incest her of his owne mother Earth,
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

For at that berth another Babe she bore,
To weet, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

XLIX

So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst natures law, and good behavioure :
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin ;
Who not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flesh, and staine her brothers bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre ;
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre,
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre.

L

But over all the countrey she did raunge,
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thirst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge :
Whom so she fittest finds to serve her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth trust
She with her bringes into a secret Ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII]

LI

Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her lothsome pleasure there to satisfye;
That thousand deathes me lever were to dye,
Then breake the vow that to faire Columbell
I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
Call me the Squyre of Dames that me beseemeth well.

LII

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That Geauntesse, is not such as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,
And deedes of armes above all Dames is deemed
And above many knights is eke esteemed
For her great worth; she Palladine is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread, redeemed.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

LIII

Her well beseemes that Quest (quoth Satyrane)
But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thyselfe has lately ta'ne?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.
That gentle Lady, whom I love and serve,
After long suit and wearie servicis,
Did aske me how I could her love deserve,
And how she might be sure that I would never swerve.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LIV

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Badd her commaund my life to save, or spill.
Eftsoones she badd me with incessaunt paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my power or skill
I might do service unto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill,
And at the twelve monethes end should bring their names
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

LV

So well I to faire Ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Three hundred pledges for my good desartes,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good partes,
I with me brought, and did to her present :
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment.

LVI

To weet, that I my traveill should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had found,
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chast and sownd.
Ah gentle Squire (quoth he) tell at one word,
How many found'st thou such to put in thy record?

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII]

LVII

Indeed Sir knight (said he) one word may tell
All, that I ever found so wisely stayd ;
For onely three they were disposd so well,
And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayd,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee what were those three
The which thy proffred curtesie denyd ?
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see.

LVIII

The first which then refused me (said hee)
Certes was but a common Courtisane,
Yet flat refusd to have ado with mee,
Because I could not give her many a Jane.
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)
The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

LIX

The third a Damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage found by chaunce ;
Full little weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,
Yet was she faire, and in her countenaunce
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with due observance,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won ;
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LX

Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itselfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My Ladies love, in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to wast in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste Ladies traine.

LXI

Perdy (sayd Satyrane) thou Squyre of Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may emongst Alcides labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe unto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of faire Florimell became.

CANTO VIII

*The Witch creates a snowy Lady
like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
is sought by Paridell.*

I

So oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causelesse of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plunged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her grieve;
For misery craves rather mercy, then reprieve.

II

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spyde,
Tyde with her golden girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

And with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have relived ;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former grieve with furie fresh revived,
Much more than earst, and would have algates rived
The hart out of his brest : for sith her ded
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought deprived
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish maladie, and long time had misled.

IV

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
The maisters of her art : there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure upon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were decayd.

V

By their advise, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yit,
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing itselfe. In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

VI

The substance, whereof she the bodie made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shadie glade
Of the Riphoean hills to her reveald
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wex, that never yet was seald.
And mingled them with perfect vermily;
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

VII

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,
And a quicke moving Spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them, like a womans eyes;
Instead of yellow lockes she did devise
With golden wyre to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As Florimells faire haire: and in the stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carkasse dead;

VIII

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
And faire resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenesse fell sometime
From heavens blisse and everlasting rest;
Him needed not instruct which way were best
Himselfe to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest,
For he in counterfeisance did excell,
And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late,
That whoso then her saw, would surely say
It was herselfe whom it did imitate,
Or fairer then herselfe, if ought algate
Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state ;
Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and thought
She was the Lady selfe, who he so long had sought.

X

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely joyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickly paine ;
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light ;
Yet still, with gentle countenance retained,
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight :
Him long she so with shadowes entertained,
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained.

XI

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,
Her to disport, and idle time to pas,
In th' open freshnesse of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire ;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XII

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much marveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement :
His bloudie speare eftsoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment ;
Villein (sayd he) this Ladie is my deare,
Dy, if thou it gainesay : I will away her beare.

XIII

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay, nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray ;
Who finding litle teasure her to wooe,
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadocchio deemed,
And next to none, after that happie day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seemed
The fairest wight on ground and most of men esteemed.

XIV

But when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute ;
For he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vaine uses, that him best became :
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard,
To reave her honor which she more than life prefard.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight, upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feet upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
And fain'd to cheare his Ladie in dismay;
Who seem'd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

XVI

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approaching, with bold words and bitter threat,
Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leave to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme.

XVII

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or prove thyselfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke else without hazard of thy hed.
At those proud words that other knight begonne
To wexe exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be ded.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XVIII

Sith then (said Braggadocchio) needes thou wilt
Thy dayes abridge, through prooffe of puissance,
Turne we our steedes; that both in equall tilt
May meete again, and each take happy chance.
This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
Rettyrd their steeds, to ronne in even race:
But Braggadocchio with his bloudie lance
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But lefte his love to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

XIX

The knight him seeing fly, had no regard
Him to poursew, but to the Ladie rode,
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his Courser set the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke himselfe in heaven, that was in hell.

XX

But Florimell herselfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by Fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
Yet there that cruell Queene avengeresse,
Not satisfide so farre her to estraunge
From courtly blisse and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

For being fled into the fishers bote,
 For refuge from the Monsters crueltie,
 Long so she on the mightie maine did flote,
 And with the tide drove forward careleslie;
 For th' aire was milde, and cleared was the skie,
 And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe,
 From stirring up their stormy enmitie,
 As pitting to see her waile and weepe;
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

XXII

At last when droncke with drowsinesse, he woke,
 And saw his drover drive along the streame,
 He was dismayd; and thrise his breast he stroke,
 For marveill of that accident extreame;
 But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
 Which with rare light his bote did beautifie,
 He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame
 Not well awakt, or that some extasie,
 Assotted had his sense, or dazed was his eie.

XXIII

But when her well avizing, he perceived
 To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,
 Great comfort of her presence he conceived,
 And felt in his old courage new delight
 To gin awake, and stirre his frozen spright:
 Tho rudely askt her, how she thither came.
 Ah (sayd she) father, I note read aright
 What hard misfortune brought me to the same;
 Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XXIV

But thou good man, sith farre in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the maine-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea then us on land befell.
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And said, his boat the way could wisely tell :
But his deceitfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin,

XXV

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infext such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust.
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust ;
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
And shamefully reproved for his rudenesse fond.

XXVI

But he, that never good nor maners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme ;
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew :
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he strength gan adde unto his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misseeme :
Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

The silly virgin strove him to withstand,
All that she might, and him in vaine revild :
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
To save her honor from that villaine vild,
And cride to heaven, from humane help exild,
O ye brave knights, that boast this Ladies love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch ? well may shee you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove.

XXVIII

But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sorie state,
How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late ;
Towres, Cities, Kingdomes ye would ruinate
In your avengement and despiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate ;
But if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

XXIX

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the heavens of voluntary grace,
And soveraine favour towards chastity,
Doe succour send to her distressed cace :
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortun'd, whilst thus she stifly strove,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abrode did rove,
Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XXX

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty heard;
 An aged sire with head all frowy hore,
 And sprinckled frost upon his deawy beard:
 Who when those pittifull outcries he heard,
 Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
 His charet swift in haste he thither steard,
 Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bound
 Was drawne upon the waves, that fomed him around.

XXXI

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
 That went at will, withouten card or sayle,
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
 Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle
 The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
 Of which he now did very litle fayle,
 And with his staffe, that drives his Heard astray,
 Him bet so sore, that life and sense did much dismay.

XXXII

The whiles the pitteous Ladie up did ryse,
 Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
 To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle:
 But when she looked up, to weet what wight
 Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shrigh.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dred
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare :
Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled
From the sharpe Hauke which her attached neare,
And fals to ground, to seeke for succour theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare ;
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

XXXIV

But he endeoured with speeches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe ; and who he was, her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld ;
For her faint heart was with the frosen cold
Benumbd so inly that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her senses with abashment quite were quayld.

XXXV

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yvorie brest :
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XXXVI

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
 That beautie durst presume to violate,
 He cast to punish for his hainous fault ;
 Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
 The virgin, whom he had abusde so sore ;
 So drag'd him through the waves in scornefull state,
 And after cast him up, upon the shore ;
 But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII

His bowre is in the bottome of the maine,
 Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rāve
 The roaring billowes in their proud disdaine,
 That with the angry working of the wave
 Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
 That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene
 Had long while laboured it to engrave :
 There was his wonne, ne living wight was seene,
 Save one old nymph, hight Panope, to keepe it cleane.

XXXVIII

Thither he brought the sory Florimell,
 And entertained her the best he might,
 And Panope her entertaind eke well,
 As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
 To winne her liking unto his delight :
 With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
 And offered faire giftes t' allure her sight,
 But she both offers and the offerer
 Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest :
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnesse did detest.
So firmly she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he light :
But she a mortall creature loved best :
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight ;
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faerie knight.

XL

Then like a Faerie knight himselfe he drest ;
For every shape on him he could endew :
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdomes unto her in vew,
To be his Leman and his Ladie trew :
But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threatens her often did assaile :
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quaille.

XLI

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme,
Now like a Gyant, now like to a feend,
Then like a Centaure ; then like to a storme,
Raging within the waves : thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wished end.
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,
Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XLII

Eternall thraldome was to her more lief,
Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love :
Die had she rather in tormenting griefe
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenesse, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly praise with Saints above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still amongst them song, that far my rymes exceed.

XLIII

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee ;
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame.
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane, where I him left of late.

XLIV

Who having ended with that Squire of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vaine,
The which himselfe then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th' Hyena to be slaine,
With that same squyre retourned backe againe
To his first way : And as they forward went,
They spyde a knight faire pricking on the plaine,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

Sir Satyrane him towards did addresse,
To weet, what wight he was, and what his quest :
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse
Both by the burning hart, which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as bescemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abroad ;
And afterwarde, on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI

Who thereto answering, said ; The tydings bad,
Which now in Faerie court all men do tell,
Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
And suddein parture of faire Florimell,
To find him forth : and after her are gone
All the brave knights, that doen in armes excell,
To savegard her, ywandred all alone ;
Emongst the rest my lot (unworthy) is to be one.

XLVII

Ah gentle knight (said then Sir Satyrane),
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead :
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever Florimell to be ;
That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,
And all faire Ladies may for ever sory be.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XLVIII

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew
Gan greatly chaunge, and seemd dismayd to bee :
Then sayd, Faire Sir, how may I weene it trew,
That ye do tell in such uncertaintee?
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
For perdie elles how mote it ever bee,
That ever hand should dare for to engore
Her noble blood? The heavens such crueltie abhore.

XLIX

These eyes did see, that they will ever rew
T' have seene, (quoth he,) whenas a monstrous beast
The Palfrey, whereon she did travell, slew,
And of his bowels made his bloudie feast :
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay :
Besides, that more suspition encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray.

L

Aye me ! (said Paridell,) the signes be sad,
And but God turne the same to good soothsay,
That Ladies safetie is sore to be drad :
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.
Faire Sir, (quoth he,) well may it you succeed,
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LII

Ye noble knights (said then the Squire of Dames,)
Well may ye speede in so praiseworthy payne :
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his beames
In deawy vapours of the westerne maine,
And lose the teme out of his weary waine.
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
Both light of heaven and strength of men relate :
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

LII

That counsell pleased well ; so all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before ;
Where soone arriving they restrained were
Of readie entrance, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commun : wondrous sore
Thereat displeased they were, till that young Squire
Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore
Was shut to all which lodging did desire :
The which to let you weet, will further time require.

CANTO IX

*Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
For peevisk gealosie :
Paridell giusts with Britomart :
Both shew their auncestrie.*

I

REDOUBTED knights and honorable Dames,
To whom I leuell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rimes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soveraigne light,
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

II

But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good : for good by paragone
Of evill, may more notably be rad,
As white seemes fairer, macht with blacke attone :
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one :
For lo in heaven, whereas all goodnesse is
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked sprights did fall from happy blis ;
What wonder then, if one of women all did mis.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Then listen lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause, why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
Into that Castle (as that Squire does tell)
Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares, what men say of him ill or well ;
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live, and spend at libertie.

IV

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe ;
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse,
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse,
The which to him both far unequall yeares
And also far unlike conditions has ;
For she does joy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

V

But he is old, and withered like hay,
Unfit faire Ladies service to supply ;
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Upon her with his other blinked eye ;
Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keep her company,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

VI

Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight,
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme ;
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
Thereat Sir Satyran gan smile, and say ;
Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay
A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

VII

In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne :
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
Can guylen Argus, when she list misdonne ?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet ;
But fast goodwill with gentle courtesyes,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps containe that else would algates fleet.

VIII

Then is he not more mad (said Paridell)
That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell ?
For sure a foole I do him firmly hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why do we devise of others ill,
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe us out, in scorne, of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and himselfe kill ?

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Nay let us first (said Satyrane) entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let us in,
And afterwarde affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.
That counsell pleasd: then Paridell did rise,
And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

X

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
The good man selfe, which then the Porter playd,
Him answered, that all were now retyrd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes conveyd
Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,
That none him durst awake out of his dreme;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,
And threatned him with force and punishment extreme.

XI

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent,
And now so long before the wicket fast
They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin fowly overcast,
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With shoure and hayle so horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX]

XII

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
 Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,
 Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,
 Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought ;
 But like so as the rest he prayd for nought,
 For flatly he of entrance was refusd :
 Sorely thereat he was displeasd, and thought
 How to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,
 And evermore the Carle of curtesie accusd.

XIII

But to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
 He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,
 So as he was not let to enter there :
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
 And swore, that he would lodge with them yfere,
 Or them dislodge, all were they liefie or loth ;
 And so defide them each, and so defide them both.

XIV

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debate ;
Yet both full liefie him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefie his boasting to abate ;
 But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate,
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge to kenell rate
 That durst not barke : and rather had he dy,
 Then when he was defide in coward corner ly.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew'd ; like as a boistrous wind,
Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long bin hid
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element, against her kind
To move, and tremble as it were agast,
Untill that it an issew forth may find ;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

XVI

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terrour of their fierce affret
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.
But Paridell sore brused with the blow,
Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse,
Till that young Squire him reared from below ;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw

XVII

But Satyrane forth stepping, did them stay
And with faire treaty pacifide their ire,
Then when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
They bene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the same with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous Carle their commune foe,
To do fowle death to dye, or wrap in grievous woe.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XVIII

Malbecco seeing them resolv'd in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearefull speed,
And to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly him to beare withall,
As ignoraunt of servants bad abuse
And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

XIX

They bene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And serv'd of all things that mote needfull bee ;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And ~~welcomde more for feare then charitée~~ ;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

XX

And eke that straunger knight amongst the rest ;
Was for like need enforst to disaray :
Tho whenas vailed was her loftie crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
Upbouden, did themselves adowne display,
And raught unto her heeles ; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,
And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure streames.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

She also dofte her heavy haberjeon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
And her well plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short, when she did ryde,
She low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestee.
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman wight that ever eye did see.

XXII

Like as Minerva, being late returnd
From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nostrils burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with her speare downe tombled ded
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hye;
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hed,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

XXIII

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight,
And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing; as if suddein great affright
Had them surprised. At last avizing right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first errour, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry vew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXIV

Yet note their hungry vew be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee :
But most they mervaild at her chevalree,
And noble prowesse, which they had approved,
That much they faynd to know who she mote bee :
Yet none of all them her thereof amoved ;
Yet every one her likte, and every one her loved.

XXV

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight ;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his Lady they might have the sight,
And company at meat, to do them more delight.

XXVI

But he to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in place ;
Her crased health, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes cace :
But none of those excuses could take place ;
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came.
She came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewd herselfe in all a gentle curteous Dame.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

They sate to meat, and Satyrane his chaunce
Was her before, and Paridell besyde ;
But he himselfe sate looking still askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eyde
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glyde :
But his blind eye, that syded Paridell,
All his demecasnure from his sight did hyde :
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will.

XXVIII

And ever and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care :
For all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was she ignoraunt of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely red,
And with the like him answerd evermore :
She sent at him one firie dart, whose hed
Empoised was with privy lust, and gealous dred.

XXIX

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde ;
The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all ; for he so ofte had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, love to entertaine.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXX

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne,
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to let his love be showne ;
Which well she red out of the learned line,
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

XXXI

And whenso of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake :
By such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wils, and one eyes watch escape :
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

XXXII

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes, which unto them became,
And every one his kindred, and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pryde
Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fit tyde
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

Troy, that art now nought, but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruell skie
Upon thee heapt a direful destinie,
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heaven thy great Genealogie,
Sith all thy worthy prayses being blent
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory shent.

XXXIV

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Ilion whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renowmd through noble fame,
Who through great prowess and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedaemon fetcht the fairest Dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse.

XXXV

Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcases of noble warrioures,
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXXVI

From him my lineage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepherd hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom for remembraunce of her passed joy,
She of his Father Parius did name ;
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence, to th' Isle of Paros came.

XXXVII

That was by him cald Paros, which before
Hight Nausa ; there he many yeares did raine,
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore,
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne,
From whom I Paridell by kin descend ;
But for faire Ladies love, and glories gaine,
My native soile have left, my dayes to spend
In seeing deeds of armes, my lives and labours end.

XXXVIII

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams Citie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,
She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact,
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract :
~~For noble Britons sprong from Troians bold,~~
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus :
O lamentable fall of famous towne,
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraigne crowne,
In one sad night consumd, and throwen downe :
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late ?

XL

Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your payne :
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it should not grieve you, backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Aeneas fell ; sith that men sayne
He was not in the Cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retyre.

XLI

Anchyses sonne begot of Venus faire,
(Said he,) out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
Where he through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore, emongst the Lybicke sandes,
Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,
And many perils past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX]

NLII

At last in Latium he did arrive,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock: (so the fates ordaind)
Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The rivall slaine, the victour through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praised his wedlock good.

NLIII

Yet after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdome part.
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convert,
His sonne Jülus did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud,
And in long Alba plast his throne apart,
Where faire it florished and long time stoud,
Till Romulus renewing it, to Rome removd.

NLIV

There there (said Britomart) afresh appeard
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard.
To sit in second seat of soveraigne king
Of all the world under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Trojans scattered ofspring,
That in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne neck, whereat he raves
With roring rage, and sore himselfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
She fastned hath her foot ; which standes so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes and all, which passen by,
Beholding it from far, do think it threatens the skye.

XLVI

The Trojan Brute did first that Citie found,
And Hygate made the meare thereof by West,
And Overt-gate by North : that is the bound
Toward the land ; two rivers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat :
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat.

XLVII

Ah fairest Lady knight (said Paridell)
Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whilome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon ; for my wits bene light.
Indeed he said (if I remember right,)
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty braunches threw,
Into the utmost Angle of the world he knew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XLVIII

For that same Brute, whom much he did aduance
In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,
Whom having slain through luckles arrowes glaunce,
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or else for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
And with him led to sea an youthly trayne,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean mayné,
And great adventures found, that now were long to sayne.

XLIX

At last by fatall course they driven were
Into an Island spacious and brode,
The furthest North that did to them appeare :
Which after rest they seeking farre abrode,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all things fit for living foode,
But wholly wast, and void of peoples trode,
Save an huge nation of the Geaunts broode,
That fed on living flesh, and droncke mens vitall blood.

L

Whom he, through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold :
In which the great Goemagot of strong
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
Were overthrowne, and laide on th' earth full cold,
Which quaked under their so hideous masse :
A famous history to be enrold
In everlasting moniments of brasse,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

L.I

His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke
Faيرة Lincoln, both renowned far away,
That who from East to West will endlong seeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except Cleopolis ; so heard I say
Old Mnemon. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin : and you entyrelly pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt us both unknowne. So ended Paridell.

L.II

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore,
With vigilant regard, and dew attent,
Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore :
The whiles unwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy cares her weake hart from her bore ;
Which he perceiving, ever privily,
In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

L.III

So long these knightes discoursed diversly,
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And heavenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent :
Which th' old man seeing well, who too long thought
Every discourse and every argument,
Which by the houres he measured, besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were brought

CANTO X

*Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her pursues;
Findes amongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.*

I

THE morow next, so soone as Phœbus Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heaven amoved quight,
Faïre Britomart and that same Faerie knight
Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend:
But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight
With Britomart, so sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

II

So forth they far'd, but he behind them stayd
Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
Might wanting measure, moveth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers youngmans unruly maistery:
His money, which he lov'd as living breath,
And his faïre wife, whom honest long he kept uneth.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

But patience perforce he must abie,
What fortune and his fate on him will lay,
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie ;
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may ;
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent ;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his sight herselfe once to absent.
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

IV

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde :
False love, why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancie feigne thee blind,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest bind,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the mind ;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee ;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

V

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle ;
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the wyle
That he there sojourned his wounds to heale ;
That Cupid selfe it seeing, close did smyle
To weet how he her love away did steale,
And bad, that none their joyous treason should reveale.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

VI

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde,
That least advantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift till he her layd aboard.
Whenso in open place, and commune bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her ; yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse, or hōspitages breach.

VII

But when apart (if ever her apart)
He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart ;
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde :
Tho when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

VIII

And otherwhiles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now singing sweetly to surprise her sprights,
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine ;
Oft purposes, oft riddles he devysd,
And thousands like which flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancie, and entysd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despysd.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

And every where he might, and every while
He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile ;
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled :
What wonder then, if she were likewise carried ?

X

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege through dispurvayance long,
And lacke of reskewes will to parley drive ;
And Peace, that unto parley eare will give,
Will shortly yeeld itselfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylive :
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

XI

For through his traines he her entrapped hath,
That she her love and hart hath wholly sold
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Devized hath, and to her lover told.
It pleased well : so well they both agree,
So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XII

Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth,
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid : thereof she countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare ;
The rest she fyr'd for sport, or for despight ;
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
The Trojane flames, and reach to heavens hight,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful sight.

XIII

The second Hellene, faire Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ranne with sory haste
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste ;
And ranne into her lovers armes right fast ;
Where streight embraced, she to him did cry
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past ;
For loe that Guest would beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy.

XIV

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
And readie seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd :
But when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversly,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place ;
Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
 And left the fire ; love, money overcame :
 But when he marked, how his money burnd,
 He left his wife ; money did love disclaime :
 Both was he loth to loose his loved Dame,
 And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behind ;
 Yet sith he no'te save both, he sav'd that same
 Which was the dearest to his donghill mind,
 The God of his desire, the joy of misers blind.

XVI

Thus whilst all things in troublous uprore were,
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,
 The loving couple need no reskew feare,
 But leasure had, and libertie to frame
 Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame ;
 And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth faire,
 Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came :
 So bene they gone yfeare, a wanton paire
 Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repaire.

XVII

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
 Malbecco seeing how his losse did lye,
 Out of the flames which he had quencht whylere,
 Into huge waves of griefe and gealosye
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight ;
 He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,
 And all the passions that in man may light,
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XVIII

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore,
Still when he mused on his late mischief,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before :
At last when sorrow he saw bootéd nought,
No grieve might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he reskew mought,
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

XIX

At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,
To search her forth whereso she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground : So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,
And every where that he mote understond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were ;
And of each one he met, he tydings did inquere.

XX

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And he too simple ever to surprise
The jolly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as he forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hoved close under a forrest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devise;
And th' other, all yclad in garments light,
Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his Ladie bright;
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight.

XXII

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loves extremitie,
That is the father of foule gealosy,
He closely nearer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

XXIII

But it was scornfull Braggadocchio,
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled areere;
Till Trompart ronning hastely, him did stay,
And bad before his souveraine Lord appere:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXIV

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, Thou man of nought, what doest thou here,
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To prove some deedes of armes upon an equall pere.

XXV

The wretched man at his imperious speech
Was all abasht, and low prostrating, said ;
Good sir, let not my rudeness be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid ;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a Lady,—There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppress,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

XXVI

What Ladie, man? (said Trompart) take good hart,
And tell thy grieve, if any hidden lye ;
Was never better time to shew thy smart,
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy.
That chearefull word his weak hart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he sayd, O most redoubted Pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare.

CANTO x] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Then sighing sore, It is not long (said hee)
Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive ;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive ;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive,
Which al good knights, that armes do beare this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they may.

XXVIII

And you most noble Lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarrell then defence of right,
And for a Ladie gainst a faithlesse knight ;
So shall your glory be advaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke myselfe, albee I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich.

XXIX

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt ;
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt ;
And sayd ; Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt ;
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame,—So turned from him wroth.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXX

But Trompart, that his maisters humor knew,
In lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him rownded close behind :
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease ;
Till Trompart lowly to the grownd inclind,
Besought him his great courage to appease,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

XXXI

Big looking like a doughtie Doucepere,
At last he thus ; Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare ;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that else the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward :
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pray :
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
And mov'd amisse with massie mucks unmeet regard.

XXXII

And more, I graunt to thy great miserie
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,
And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,
Which hath thy Lady reft and knighthood shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,
I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent ;
Ne he twixt heaven and earth shall hide his hed,
But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen be ded.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken, were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the Boaster marching, brave begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would over ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV

Thus long they three together traveiled,
Through many a wood, and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife, that was far wandered :
But those two sought nought, but the present pray,
To weete the treasure, which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly set,
With purpose, how they might it best betray ;
For sith the howre, that first he did them let
The same behold, therwith their keene desires were whet.

XXXV

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past :
Alone he rode without his Paragone ;
For having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and let her fly alone ;
He nould be clogd. So had he served many one.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXXVI

The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weft ;
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide :
Her up they tooke, and with them home her led,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and bred :
And every one as commune good her handeled.

XXXVII

That shortly she Malbecco has forgot,
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare ;
Who from her went to seeke another lot,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were :
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake, his grieve to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

XXXVIII

And after asked him for Helienore,
I take no keepe of her (said Paridell,)
She wonneth in the forrest there before.
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell ;
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend ;
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way ; whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Perdy nay (said Malbecco,) shall ye not :
But let him passe as lightly as he came :
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to be put to shame.
But let us go to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forrest wyld :
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoild :
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld.

XL

They all agree, and forward them addrest :
Ah but (said crafty Trompart) weete ye well,
That yonder in that wastefull wilderness
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell ;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen, which robbe and rend
All travellers ; therefore advise ye well,
Before ye enterprise that way to wend :
One may his journey bring too soone to evill end.

XLI

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart, You that are the most opprest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behind :
My Lord and I will search the wide forest.
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mind ;
For he was much affraid himselfe alone to find.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XLII

Then is it best (said he) that ye doe leave
 Your treasure here in some security,
 Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
 Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
 Till we returne againe in safety :
 As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
 Hence farre away we will blindfolded ly,
 Ne privie be unto your treasures grave.
 It pleased : so he did. Then they march forward } brave.

XLIII

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,
 They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
 And shrieking Hububs them approching nere,
 Which all the forrest did with horror fill :
 That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did thrill
 With such amazement, that in haste he fled,
 Ne ever looked backe for good or ill ;
 And after him eke fearefull Trompart sped :
 The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half ded.

XLIV

Yet afterwarde close creeping, as he might,
 He in a bush did hide his fearefull hed.
 The jolly satyres, full of fresh delight,
 Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led
 Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespred,
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made :
 She, proude of that new honour which they red,
 And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
 Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

NLV

The silly man that in the thicket lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnesse of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhed,
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore ;
The whiles their Gotes upon the brouzes fed,
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hide his golden hed.

NLVI

Tho up they gan their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heards did gather round,
But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore : so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With perly deaw, and th' Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, while sleepe their senses did invade.

NLVII

Which when Malbecco saw, out of his bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush,
That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceiving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright :
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his joyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealosie did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them loved so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he which by her side did dwell,
And thereforé prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

L

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love, and loathly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;
But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

Tho gan he her perswade, to leave that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord,
And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespass ever had bene donne:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the jolly satyres still to wonne.

LII

He wooed her till dayspring he espyde;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early before the heavens fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

LIII

So soone as he the Prison dore did pas,
He ran as fast as both his feete could beare,
And never looked, who behind him was,
Ne scarsely who before: like as a Beare,
That creeping close, amongst the hives to reare
An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling, sore his carkasse teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from jeopardy.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

LIV

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombed had,
Where when he found it not (for Trompart bace
Had it purloyned for his maister bad :)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away ; ran with himselfe away :
That who so straungely had him seene bestad,
With upstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

LV

High over hilles and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,
Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he sped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne :
Griefe, and despight, and gealosy, and scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behind ;
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankind ;
That as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rockie hill,
Over the sea, suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify,
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight :
From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in living sight.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LVII

But through long anguish and selfe-murdring thought
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

LVIII

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In drery darkenesse and continuall feare
Of that rockes fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But toades and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cros cuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

LX

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives.
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to himselfe, and every wight;
Where he, through privy grieve and horreur vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gealosie is hight.

CANTO XI

*Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;
Findes Scudamour distrest:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
Where Loves spoyles are exprest.*

I

O Hateful hellish Snake, what furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealosie, that turnest love divine
To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itselfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

II

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell!
Sweet Love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

III

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malbeccoës hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
And hateful outrage long him chaced thus ;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
From whom the Squire of Dames was reft whylere ;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

IV

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all womankinde ;
So he surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly use that I did ever finde ;
Whom when as Britomart beheld behind
The fearefull boy so greedily pursew,
She was emmoued in her noble mind,
T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where she did him vew.

V

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace :
Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace ;
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe ;
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed, t' escape his feared foe.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart the flowre of chastity ;
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly :
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security.
The wood they enter, and search every where ;
They searched diversely, so both divided were.

VII

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberjeon, his helmet, and his speare :
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was showne.

VIII

His face upon the ground did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade,
That the brave Mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade :
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI]

IX

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He said; O soveraigne Lord that sit'st on hye,
 And raignt in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
 So long unwreaked of thine enemy?
 Or hast thou Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousness no meed?

X

If good find grace, and righteousness reward,
 Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
 Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
 On foot upon the face of living land?
 Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand
 The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
 Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
 Suffred, these seven monethes day in secret den
 My Lady and my love so cruelly to pen.

XI

My Lady and my love is cruelly pend
 In dolefull darkenesse from the vew of day,
 Whilest deadly torments doe her chaste brest rend,
 And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,
 All for she Scudamore will not denay.
 Yet thou vile man, vile Scudamore art sound,
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
 Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
 For whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore a wound.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
His foltring tounge with pangs of drerinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule woulde flit.

XIII

Tho stouping downe she him amoved light ;
Who therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke,
And seeing him behind a straunger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
And downe againe himselfe disdainefully
Abjecting th' earth with his faire forehead strooke :
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medicine to his grieve, and spake thus courtesly.

XIV

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe-conceived grieve
Well seemes t'exceede the powre of patience,
Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high providence,
And ever, in your noble hart prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
Then vertues might, and values confidence :
For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to live ; for life is wretchednesse.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XV

Therefore, faire Sir, do comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,
At least it faire endeavour will apply.
Those feeling words so near the quicke did goc,
That up his head he reared easily,
And leaning on his elbow, these few wordes let fly.

XVI

What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For he the tyrant, which her hath in ward,
By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

XVII

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny.
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
But yet by torture he would her constraîne
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest,
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest?

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse,
The warlike damzell was empassiond sore,
And said ; Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse,
Then is your sorrow, certes if not more ;
For nothing so much pittie doth implore
As gentle Ladies helplesse misery.
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will with prooffe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

XIX

Ah gentlest knight alive, (sayd Scudamore)
What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous brest ? what couldst thou more,
If she were thine, and thou as now am I ?
O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply
To better boot, but let me die, that ought :
More is more losse : one is enough to dy.
Life is not lost, (said she) for which is bought
Endlesse renown, that more then death is to be sought.

XX

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wend, to see what new success
Mote him befall upon new enterprise ;
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
She gathered up and did about him dresse,
And his forwandred steed unto him got :
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
And march, not past the mountenaunce of a shot,
Till they arriv'd, whereas their purpose they did plot.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXI

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate;
Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late,
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking Sulphure, that with griesly hate
And dreadfull horroure did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how herselfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were, to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare;
And turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
What monstrous enmity provoke we here,
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
Battell against the Gods? so we a God invade.

XXIII

Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beast-like is: therefore Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This is (quoth he) the dolorous despight,
Which earsf to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away,
So mighty be th' enchauntments, which the same do stay.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

What is there else but cease these fruitlesse paines,
 And leave me to my former languishing ;
 Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And Scudamore here dye with sorrowing.
 Perdy not so, (saide she) for shameful thing
 Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce,
 For shew of perill, without venturing :
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Then enterprised prayse for dread to disavaunce.

XXV

Therewith resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her swords point directing forward right,
 Assayld the flame, the which estesoones gave place,
 And did itselfe divide with equall space,
 That through she passed ; as a thonder-bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt ;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

XXVI

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire,
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay,
 With greedy will, and envious desire,
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way :
 But cruell Mulciber would not obey
 His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
 Him forst (maulgre) his fercenes, to relent,
 And backe retire all scorcht and pitifully brent.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXVII

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow that he could not pas
 Then for the burning torment which he felt,
 That with fell woodnesse he effierced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
 Did beat and bounse his head and brest full sore ;
 The whiles the Championesse now entred has
 The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,
 The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store.

XXVIII

For round about, the wals yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great majesty,
 Woven with gold and silke so close and nere,
 That the rich metall lurked privily,
 As faining to be hid from envious eye ;
 Yet here, and there, and every where unwares,
 It shewd itselfe, and shone unwillingly ;
 Like a discoloured Snake, whose hidden snares
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht backe declares

XXIX

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
 And all of love, and all of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat ;
 And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
 And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great ;
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
 On mighty kings and kesars, into thraldome brought.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

Therein was writ, how often thondring Ioue
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leaving heavens kingdome, here did 'rove
In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding smart,
Now like a Ram, faire Helle to pervart,
Now like a Bull, Europa to withdraw :
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obay her servaunts law.

XXXI

Soone after that into a golden showre
Himselfe he chaung'd faire Danaë to vew,
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
Of such deceit, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
And watcht, that none should enter nor issew ;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whēnas the God to golden hew himselfe transfard.

XXXII

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
To win fair Leda to his lovely trade :
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade :
Whiles the proud Bird, ruffing his fethers wyde
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade,
She slept, yet twixt her eielids closely spyde,
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXXIII

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee
Deceivd of gealous Juno, did require
To see him in his soveraigne majestee,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.
But fair Alcmena better match did make,
Joying his love in likenes more entire ;
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV

Twise was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide wings to beat the buxome ayre,
Once, when he with Asterie did scape,
Againe, whenas the Trojane boy so faire
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare :
Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare, least down he fallen should
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

XXXV

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht :
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd :
A shepheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht :
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.
Whiles thus on earth great Jove these pageaunts playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd,
Lo now the heavens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove to earth is gone.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plunged, for despight,
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulnesse :
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse ;
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy just desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

XXXVII

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct ;
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare :
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee bearc,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweete breare :
For grieve whereof, ye mote have lively seene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his gyrlond ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

XXXVIII

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fier brent ;
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And love a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXXIX

He loved Issc for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fit,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
Now like a stag, now like a faulcon flit :
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

XL

Next unto him was ~~Neptune~~ pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke :
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw ; his threeforkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therwith fierce did stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde,
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in teme-wise tyde.

XLI

His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne,
And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame.
The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame :
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter Arne hight,
For whom he turned himselfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turned himselfe into a Dolphin fayre ;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitteth in the ayre.

XLIII

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene
That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,
As he did for Erigone it prove.)
That to a Centaure did himselfe transmove.
So proov'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
When, for to compasse Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

XLIV

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes :
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes he sore did shreek,
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,
Privily moystening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide woundes launched through his inner parts.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XLV

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
That he might tast the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeveryes.

XLVI

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Damzels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort :
And round about a border was entrayld,
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short,
And a long bloody river through them rayld,
So lively and so like, that living sence it fayld.

XLVII

And at the upper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
Of passing valew, and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone,
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone ;
And wings it had with sondry colours dight,
More sundry colours then the proud Pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discoloured bow she spreads through heaven bright

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold ;
(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold)
A wounded Dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous taylor his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedyc.

XLIX

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this bee :
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bow their humble knce,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazed,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazed,
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazed.

L

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secret of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye
Be bold : she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what sence it figured :
But whatso were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

LI

Much fairer then the former was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd :
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies playd,
In the rich metall, as they living were :
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false love doth oft upon him weare,
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

LII

And all about, the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes,
Of mighty Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes :
Their swords and speres were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

LIII

The warlike Mayde beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space,
But more she mervaild that no footings trace,
Nor wight appeared, but wastefull emptinesse.
And solemne silence over all that place :
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purveyance, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LIV

And, as she lookt about, she did behold,
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and every where *Be bold*,
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that roomes upper end,
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV

Thus she there waited untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare:
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde,
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenesse dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,
And her welpointed weapons did about her dresse.

CANTO XII

*The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
Chamber are displayd,
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.*

I

THO whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Faie heaven with an universall cloud,
That every wight dismayd with darkenesse sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shroud,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory ;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever, when some foe she might descry.

II

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt ;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyance fild the fearefull sted,
From the fourth houre of night untill the sixt ;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore :
And forth yssewd, as on the ready flore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

IV

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned ;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V

The noble Mayd, still standing all this vewd,
And merveild at his strange intendiment ;
With that a joyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together sung full chearefully
A lay of loves delight, with sweet consent :
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII]

VI

The whiles a most delitious harmony,
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround:
And when it ceast, shrill trompets loud did bray,
That their report did farre away rebound,
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

VII

The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aspect and beautie without peare;
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,
Whom Jove did love, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood, and every valley wyde
He filld with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

VIII

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare;
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle aire he mov'd still here and theare.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of riper yeares then th' other Swaine,
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
And gave him being, commune to them twaine :
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry ;
Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeves dependant Albanese-wyse :
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse ;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

XI

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horror to deforme his griesly shade ;
A net in th' one hand, and a rustie blade
In th' other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap ;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap :
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XII

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
 But feard each shadow moving to and fro;
 And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As ashes pale of hew, and wingy heeld;
 And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
 Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brasen shield,
 Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
 Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
 In silken samite she was light arayd,
 And her faire lockes were woven up in gold;
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water Sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
 With which she sprinckled favours manifold,
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
 Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV

And after them Dissemblance, and Suspect
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;
 For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
 Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
 Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
 Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd,
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire:
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false-coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

But he was foule, ill favoured, and grim,
 Under his eyebrows looking still askaunce ;
 And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eye glaunce ;
 Shewing his nature in his countenaunce ;
 His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
 But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
 Holding a lattice still before his face,
 Through which he still did peepe as forward he did pace.

XVI

Next him went Griefe, and Fury matcht yfere ;
 Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Downe hanging his dull head, with heavy chere,
 Yet inly being more, then seeming sad :
 A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the hart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

XVII

But Fury was full ill appareiled
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
 With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed ;
 For from her backe her garments she did teare,
 And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare :
 In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse
 About her head, still roaming here and there :
 As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII]

XVIII

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenance ;
She chearefull fresh and full of joyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad ;
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee :
An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in hers an hony-lady Bee ;
Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

XIX

After all these there marcht a ~~most faire Dame,~~
Led of two grysie villeins, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name :
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had deathes own image figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearefull to living sight ;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

XX

Her brest all naked, as net ivory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the Craftesman wounts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)
Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd :
And those two villeins, which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraîne,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

XXII

Next after her the winged God himselfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous :
His blindfold eyes he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind ;
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell mind.

XXIII

Of which ful proud, himself up rearing hye
He looked round about with sterne disdain,
And did survey his goodly company :
And marshalling the evill ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make :
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXIV

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame :
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behind :
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame :
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and unkind ;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blind :
Shame lowrd, Repentance sighd, Reproch did scould ;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whips entwind,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold :
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read :
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead,
Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyaltie,
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,
Vile Povertie, and lastly Death with infamie.

XXVI

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well ;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell ;
All which disguised marcht in masking wise,
About the chamber with that Damozell,
And then returned, having marched thrise,
Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast,
Which first it opened, and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which all this while was plast
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewed forth, and went unto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked fast :
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art
She cast to use, both fit for hard emprise ;
For thy from that same roome not to depart
Till morrow next, she did her selfe avize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrow next appeared with joyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize,
Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to outweare.

XXIX

All that day she outwore in wandering,
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent :
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXX

So soone as she was entred, round about
She cast her eies, to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without :
But lo, they streight were vanisht all and some,
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that same woefull Ladie, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small wast girt round with yron bands,
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

XXXI

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art,
With living bloud he those characters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah who can love the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove ;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart remove.

XXXII

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And fiercely ronning to that Lady trew,
A murtherous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villenous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew :
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And turning to herselfe his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That little drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

XXXIV

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead ; next stroke him should have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernely unto her called to abstaine,
From doing him to dy. For else her paine
Should be remedillesse, sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee ;
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see.

XXXV

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischief, and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may save thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore unto her health, and former state ;
This doe and live, else dye undoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXXVI

And rising up, gan streight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse ;
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horroure gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire lockes up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lines reherse ;
And all the while he red, ~~she did extend~~ .
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about ;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

XXXVIII

The cruell steele, which thild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord ;
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd ;
And every part to safety full sound,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord :
Tho when she felt herselfe to be unbound,
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the ground.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Before faire Britomart, she fell prostrate,
Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
~~Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,~~
Even immortall praise, and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advance, that goodly well was tryde.

XL

But Britomart, uprearing her from ground,
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,
For many labours more then I have found,
This, that in safety now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene :
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene ;
Instead thereof know, that your loving Make
Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle sake.

XLI

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wights she loved best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest :
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XLII

Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
~~Now vanisht utterly, and cleane subverst~~
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.
Thence forth descending to that perlous Porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
That erst all entres wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII

More easie issew now, then entrance late
She found : for now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate,
And passage bard to all, that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To have effort the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted deepe engrieved was.

XLIV

But when the victoresse arrived there,
Where late she left the pensive Scudamore,
With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore :
There at her noble hart was stonisht sore ;
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her owne deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld was fild with new affright.

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XLV

But he sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan advize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe respire.

G L O S S A R Y

Adj. = adjective.	Int. = Introductory stanzas.
Adv. = adverb.	Pt. = Past participle.
Arg. = { Argument,	Pret. = Preterite.
{ at head	sb. = substantive.
{ of Canto.	vb. = verb.

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Abid, abided, stayed, iv. 32.

Abie, aby, aby, to pay (as a penalty), suffer, iv. 35; pay or suffer for, vi. 24; endure, x. 3.

Abord, aboard, "Lay (a ship) aboard," a nautical term—"to place one's own ship alongside of another for the purpose of fighting"; used here of Paridell's treatment of Hellenore, x. 6.

Abraide, abrayd, startle, arouse, i. 61; xi. 8; start up, awake, x. 50.

Aby. See **Abie**.

Accompt, accounted, v. 4.

Accourage, encourage, viii. 34.

Acrasia, the enchantress overcome by Sir Guyon, as told in Book ii., i. 2.

Adaw, subdue, daunt, vii. 13. See N.E.D.

Addresse, set in order, adjust, i. 4.

Adin, King of Louthiane (*q.v.*), called King of the Scots by Geof. of Monmouth, iii. 37.

Admetus, xi. 39. See **Isse**.

Adonis, a beautiful youth, loved by Venus. He died from the wound of a boar's tusk, received while hunting; Venus then changed him into the flower anemone, i. 34. **The Garden of Adonis**, vi. 29. The general idea of this garden seems to be founded upon classical story, with special reference to that part of the fable of Adonis in which he is supposed to represent the sun quickening the

GLOSSARY

growth of all things. "In the description of the garden Spenser follows the Pythagorean and Platonic doctrines of metempsychosis."

Adredd, terrified, i. 62.

Ægean strond, the "strand" or shore of the Ægean Sea, *i.e.* that part of the Mediterranean between Greece and Asia Minor, vii. 26.

Ægin', Ægina, daughter of Asopus, the river-god, loved by Jupiter, who is said, by some authorities, to have appeared to her as a flame of fire, xi. 35.

Æneas, the great Trojan prince, hero of Virgil's *Æneid*, the son of Anchises and Venus, xi. 35.

Æolus, the god of storms and winds, vi. 44. [ii. 32.]

Ætn', Etna, the volcano of Sicily,

Affrap, strike, ii. 6.

Affray, alarm, terrify, ix. 9.

Affret, onset, attack, ix. 16.

Afore, before (time), iii. 49; v. 18; xii. 27.

Africk Ismaell, *i.e.* North Africa.

"The Moors, Bedouin Arabs, etc., inhabiting the Northern parts of Africa, are supposed to be descendants of Ishmael." iii. 6.

Aggrate, please, gratify, vi. 50; viii. 36.

Agrize, terrify, ii. 24.

Agviz'd, fashioned (*lit.* attired, arrayed), ii. 18.

Alablaster, alabaster, ii. 42.

Alba. "Long Alba" = Alba Longa, the oldest city of Latium, said to have been built by Ascanius, ix. 43.

Albanese-wise, after the Albanian fashion, xii. 10.

Albee, although, albeit, x. 28.

Albion, England, ix. 45.

Alcides, Hercules of the "twelve labours," vii. 61.

Alcmena, daughter of Electro, King of Mycenæ, loved by Jupiter, to whom she bore Hercules, xi. 33.

Algates, *algate*, in any case, i. 53; v. 17; everywhere, vii. 4; altogether, viii. 3; by any means, viii. 9; always, ix. 7, *et pass.*

All, although, vii. 9, 40; ix. 13; x. 37.

Allege, allay, ii. 15.

Alma (=anima), the lady of the House of Temperance. *See* Book ii., ix.

Amate, cast down, daunt, dismay, iv. 26; vii. 35; xi. 21.

Amaranthus (=unwithering), vi. 45. Concerning the flower amaranth there seems to be no known legend of its once having been a lover, such as Spenser alludes to. He may have been thinking of the anemone(?). The sound of the name, too, probably struck Spenser's ear as it did Milton's (*Par. Lost*, iii. 853).

GLOSSARY

Ambrosius, Aurelius Ambrosius, "a semi-mythical character, and a great champion of the British race." Cp. Book ii., x. 67.

Amenaunce, conduct, bearing, i. 41.

Amintas, the allusion here is uncertain. Amyntas was the name of a shepherd in Virgil; the reference may perhaps be to the death of Sir Philip Sydney, on whom Spenser had written a pastoral elegy, "Astrophel," vi. 45.

Amoretta or **Amoret** (= Loveling or Little Love), the sister of Belphebe; in love with Sir Scudamour, vi. 28, *et pass.*

Amov'd, questioned (*lit.* moved, stirred), ix. 24.

Amphisa. See **Chrysogonee**.

Anchyses, father of Æneas, ix. 41.

Angela, the "Saxon Virgin," "who is, I believe, entirely of Spenser's own feigning" (Up-ton), iii. 56.

Antickes, fantastic tracery or sculpture, vi. 51.

Antiope, daughter of Nycteus, King of Thebes, beloved of Jupiter, who, to deceive her, changed himself into a satyr, xi. 35.

Apayd, pleased, repaid, ii. 47; v. 36; vi. 21.

Ape, "thus was the ape," etc. To put an ape into one's hood

or cape was a proverbial expression, meaning to make a fool of one. The jester, or professional fool, is said to have often carried an ape on his shoulder, ix. 31.

Appeach, accuse, x. 6.

Appeale, offer up, ii. 48.

Archimago (= the arch-magician), personifies hypocrisy, iv. 45. See also Books I. and II.

Areare, arere (*lit.* to the rear), slow, vii. 24; backward, back, x. 23.

Aread, areed, tell, declare, i. 28; (*ared*, pp.), iii. 20; iv. 59; explain, ii. 16; v. 7; advise, viii. 17; xi. 23; divine, conjecture, vii. 16; viii. 47.

Argante, a giantess, created by Spenser to personify Licentiousness, vii. 47.

Argus, who had a hundred eyes, of which only two were asleep at one time, ix. 7.

Armoricke, Armorica, a district north of Gaul inhabited by Britons, iii. 41.

Arne, a daughter of Æolus, loved by Neptune, xi. 42.

Arras, a town in Artois, famous for its manufacture of the tapestry to which it gave its name, i. 34.

Arret, give charge, entrust (a false use of the word — see N.E.D.), viii. 7.

Arthegall, Britomart's lover, and

GLOSSARY

- the hero of Book v., in which he appears as the Knight of Justice. Spenser makes him the son of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, and Igera, who was the mother of Arthur, ii. 8.
- Arthur**, the great British hero and King, in whom Spenser personifies Magnificence or Magnanimity, i. 2.
- Asie**, Asia, ix. 39.
- Aslope**, aslant, crosswise, iv. 52.
- Assay** (sb.), trial, testing, i. 2; quality, value, iv. 18.
- Assay** (vb.), attack, i. 21; (**assayd**), i. 34; v. 13; try, attempt, iv. 28, 46.
- Assoile**, dispel, get rid of, i. 58.
- Asterie**, Asteria, a daughter of Coeus, one of the Titans. Jupiter made love to her under the form of an eagle, xi. 34.
- Astound**, stunned, deprived of consciousness, iv. 17.
- Atlas**, "the moist daughters of huge Atlas, etc."—the Hyades, five daughters of the Titan Atlas, who became stars after death, and were placed on the head of Taurus, one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The ancients supposed their rising and setting to be always attended with much rain, i. 57.
- Attonce**, **attons**, together, at the same time, i. 63; iv. 46; v. 7, 22; x. 17; immediately, iv. 31; side by side, ix. 2.
- Avengement**, vengeance, v. 13.
- Aventred** (?), aimed (?); "thrust forward at a venture" (Morris). (Meaning doubtful, *see* N.E.D.)
- Awise**, **avize**, consider, i. 18; vi. 16; observe, look at, x. 21; perceive, xii. 10; advise, counsel, xii. 28.
- Avisd**, bethought, iii. 6; perceived, v. 23; warned, vi. 19.
- Avising**, informing, iii. 59; viewing, viii. 23; ix. 23.
- Avoided**, withdrawn, gone away, i. 58.
- Augustine**, Saint Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, who introduced Christianity among the English in 597, iii. 35. *See* **Etheldred**.
- Aurora**, Goddess of the Dawn, enamoured of Tithonus, iii. 20.
- Bacchante** (= a wine-drinker), i. 45.
- Bace** (adj.), bass, low-voiced, ii. 50; low, mean, v. 47.
- Bace** (vb.), "bad him bace." "That is, they pursued the giant who had been pursuing the young man. The expression is derived from the rustic game of prison-base, in which the two parties take turns in chasing each other. Cp. Book v., viii. 5." (Child.)
- Bale**, affliction, destruction, ii. 31.
- Bancket**, "wine-drinking carousals," vi. 22. [vii. 17.
- Bands** (sb.), bonds, fetters, iv. 17;

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Bands (vb.), forbids, banishes (?)
ii. 41. See N.E.D.

Bangor, the Welsh town, iii. 35.
See **Ethelred**.

Bannes, curses, vii. 39. This line means that she swore by all the parts of the body of the Deity.

Barry, a river of Caermarthen, iii. 8.

Basciante (=one who kisses), i. 45.

Basciomani, hand-kissing, i. 56.

Battailous, warlike, fierce, iii. 47.

Bauldricke, belt or girdle, usually of leather and richly ornamented, worn pendant from one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm; used to support the wearer's sword, bugle, etc., iii. 59.

Bayted, kept in moderation, moderated, x. 6.

Beare, sepulchre, tomb, iii. 11.

Beauperes, companions, fellows, i. 35.

Before, in front, i. 21, 22.

Belamoure, lover, x. 24.

Beldame, an aged woman (here a term of address), ii. 43; iii. 17; vii. 8.

Belgardes, loving looks, ix. 52.

Belgicke, Belgian, "The 'royal virgin' is Queen Elizabeth who assisted the Belgian provinces, and shook the power of the King of Castile (*i.e.* Spain)," iii. 49.

Belyde, counterfeited, x. 7.

Belphebe, Int. 5, *et pass.* (=fair Phœbe), the huntress divinity, who appeared in Book ii., and is seen again in Book iv.

Beseene, appalled, appointed, i. 45; "well-beseene," may mean, however, "seen to look well" —good looking. (N.E.D.)

Bestad, beset (a rare use of the word), v. 22.

Betid, befell, v. 13.

Biblis, daughter of Miletus and Cyanea, enamoured of her brother Caunus, ii. 41.

Bisaltis, *i.e.* Theophane, daughter of Bisaltis, beloved of Neptune, xi. 41.

Bladud, a British king, renowned for his magical art. Cp. Book II., x. 25. [17.

Blancke, blank, disconcerted, iii.

Blent, polluted, spoiled, destroyed, ix. 33; xii. 29.

Blin, cease, leave off, v. 22.

Blubbred, bewept, marred with weeping, viii. 32.

Boone, prayer, vii. 34.

Bore-speare, boar-speare, used in hunting the boar, i. 17; v. 20.

Bord, jest, idle tale, iii. 19.

Bouget, a wallet or bag, x. 29.

Bountihed, generosity, bounteousness, i. 41; iii. 47; vi. 3.

Bove, above, iv. 21.

Braggadocchio (=big braggart), viii. 11, *et pass.*, whose history, begun in Book ii., is continued in Books iv. and v.

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- Brame**, longing, ii. 52.
- Bransle**, *lit.* a kind of dance, here a song for dance music, x. 8.
- Brast**, burst, vii. 40.
- Breaches**, "sobbing breaches," =the intervals between her sobs, iv. 35.
- Breaded**, braided, plaited, ii. 50.
- Bren**, burn, iii. 34; (**brent**), i. 47.
- Britanie**, Britain, iii. 52.
- Britomart**, or **Britomartis**, the daughter of King Ryence of Wales; the knight-heroine of Book iii., personifying Chastity, *i.e.* not celibacy, but "virgin purity." In Greek mythology Britomartis was a daughter of Jupiter and a nymph of Crete, who, to escape from the suit of Minos, threw herself into the sea. The name is also applied to Diana, i. 8. [1, *et pass.*]
- Briton Prince**, Prince Arthur, i.
- Broch**, broach, begin, i. 64.
- Brockwell**, *i.e.* Brocnail, as found in Bede and Geoffrey of Monmouth, iii. 35. See **Ethelred**.
- Brondirons**, irons used for branding, xii. 24.
- Brood**, race, company, i. 13.
- Brouzes**, young shoots, twigs of shrubs or trees, x. 45.
- Brush**, brushwood, i. 15.
- Brute**, the legendary Brutus, descended from Æneas. The mythic founder of Troynovant or London, and of Lincoln, ix. 46.
- Bunduca**, Boadicea, iii. 54.
- Burganet**, burgonet or helmet, v. 31.
- Busirane**, the enchanter who holds Amoret in captivity. Warton remarks that Spenser "seems to have drawn this name from Busiris, King of Ægypt, famous for his cruelty and inhospitality," xi. 10.
- Busse**, kiss, x. 46.
- Buxome**, yielding, obedient, ii. 23; iv. 32; xi. 34.
- Bylive**, quickly, eagerly, i. 18; v. 16; soon, before long, x. 10.
- Cabin**, dwelling, vi. 23.
- Cador**. See **Gorlois**.
- Cadwallader**, iii. 40, son of Cadwallon. See Geoffrey of Monmouth, Book vii., chaps. xiv.-xviii.
- Cadwallin**, or Cadwalla, King of North Wales, who in company with Penda of Mercia defeated and killed Edwin of Northumbria, A.D. 633, iii. 36.
- Cadwan**, iii. 35, a Welsh king who fought with Ethelfrith, *q.v.*
- Calamint**, an aromatic herb, something like mint, ii. 49.
- Calcineth**, "c. by art"; a phrase variously explained; "c. in a wonderful or mysterious way," or "c. by chemical art, by its own nature," v. 48.
- Calidore**, viii. 24. The hero of Book vi. and the type of courtesy.

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- Camill'**, Queen of the Volsci, who helped Turnus against Æneas, and distinguished herself by the numbers she killed in the Trojan war, amongst them the "huge Orsilochus," iv. 2.
- Camphora**, the tree or plant which yields camphor, ii. 49.
- Capon**. The capon was a type of dulness—used as a term of reproach. viii. 15.
- Caprifole**, the honeysuckle or woodbine, vi. 44.
- Captivaunce**, captivity, vii. 45.
- Capuccio**, the hood of a cloak, especially that of the Capuchin monks, xii. 10.
- Carados**, (?) the story of Angela and her warfare seems to have been an invention of Spenser. Carados is mentioned in the "Morte Darthur" as a king of Scotland, iii. 55.
- Card**, mariner's chart, ii. 7; viii. 31.
- Careticus**, son of Malgo, King of Britain, iii. 33; see Geoffrey of Monmouth, Book xi., chap. viii.
- Carriage**, management, conduct (of the contest), i. 11.
- Cast**, a throw of a missile, x. 35.
- Castle Joyous**. This is the name of Sir Lancelot's castle in the "Morte Darthur," — "the Castle of Joyous Gard." i. 31.
- Caudrons**, cauldrons, iii. 9.
- Causen**, give reason or excuses, ix. 26.
- Cayr Merdin**, city of Merlin or Merdin, *i.e.* Caermarthen, iii. 7.
- Cayr Verulame**, the city of Verulam, *i.e.* St. Albans. The date of this enterprise is about 470 A.D., when Arthur begins to come into history. iii. 52.
- Centaure**, a mythical creature, half man, half horse, viii. 41; xi. 43.
- Cephisus**, "C. foolish child," *i.e.* Narcissus, son of Cephisus and the nymph Liriope. He fell in love with his own image reflected in a fountain, and killed himself because he could not approach it; he was changed into the flower narcissus. ii. 44.
- Ceres**, the goddess of corn—here used to express food, i. 51.
- Chaire**, charily, carefully, v. 51.
- Chappellane**, chaplain, vii. 58.
- Charet**, chariot, iv. 31, 42.
- Chaunce**, "Satyrane his chaunce," = "it chanced that S., etc.," ix. 27.
- Cheare, chere**, countenance, aspect, ii. 30; xii. 16; xii. 28.
- Chevisaunce**, enterprise, achievement, vii. 45.
- Chrysogonee**, daughter of Amphisa; this mythology is the invention of Spenser, vi. 4.
- Civilltee**, good breeding and education, culture, i. 44.
- Cleeped**, called, named, i. 31.
- Cleopolis** (=the city of glory), the dwelling-place of the Faerie

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- Queene, ix. 51. *See* Books i. and ii.
- Clewes**, balls (of thread or silk), xii. 14.
- Clim**, climb, step, iv. 42.
- Climene**, one of the Oceanides, the mother of Phaeton, who begged of his father Phœbus (the Sun) that he might drive his chariot for one day, with the result that heaven and earth were threatened with universal conflagration. But Zeus killed Phaeton with a thunderbolt, xi. 38.
- Clio**, the Muse of History, iii. 4.
- Clombe**, climbed, iv. 31, 61.
- Clouch**, clutch, grasp, x. 20.
- Cloyd**, pierced, gored, vi. 48.
- Coches**, coaches, chariots, iv. 42.
- Cocytus**, a river of Hades, iv. 55.
- Colled**, embraced, ii. 34.
- Coltwood**, coltsfoot, ii. 49.
- Columbell**, the lady loved by the Squire of Dames, vii. 51.
- Compile**, **compyle**, build, iii. 10; accumulate, bring together, vi. 1; (**compilde**), constructed, fashioned, vii. 30.
- Compriz'd**, pressed or held together, vi. 19.
- Comprovinciall**, of or belonging to the same province, iii. 32. The "six islands" are Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, Dacia (Denmark).
- Congé**, leave, i. 1; iv. 4.
- Consent**, concord, harmony, xii. 5.
- Consort**, harmony of instruments and voices, i. 40.
- Constantius**, son of Cadour, iii. 29.
- Construe**, explain, xi. 54.
- Contecke**, contention, quarrelling, i. 64.
- Continent**, the earth; land as opposed to water, iv. 10, 30; v. 25.
- Convince**, overcome, conquer, ii. 21.
- Coosen**, cousin, used here as= kindred, akin, iv. 12.
- Corineus**, said to have been one of the captains whom Brutus brought with him into Albion. ix. 51. Cp. Book ii., c. x. 10.
- Coronis**, daughter of Phlegyas, loved by Phœbus, or the Sun, xi. 37.
- Couch**, crouch, stoop, i. 4; (**coucht**), lower into position for attack, ix. 16.
- Couchant**, ii. 25, a term in heraldry applied to an animal "represented as lying with the body resting on the legs and (according to most authors) the head lifted up, or at least not sunk in sleep (*dormant*)."
N.E.D.
- Coulin**, apparently a giant overthrown by Debon, but this history is mostly mythical, ix. 50. Cp. Book ii., c. x. 11.
- Counterchaunge**, requital, a return blow, ix. 16.
- Counterfeisance**, fraud, imposture, viii. 8.

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Coyne, invent, ii. 2.

Crased, broken down, infirm, ix. 26.

Croupe, croup, hindquarters of the horse, iv. 16.

Crouper, crupper, that part of the harness which reaches from the saddle to the tail, i. 6; iv. 15.

Cruddy, clotted, curdled, iii. 47; iv. 34.

Cucquold, cuckold, a derisive name for the husband of an unfaithful wife, x. 11.

Culver, dove, vii. 39.

Cymoent (=flowing, or a wave), mother of Marinell. The name probably invented by Spenser, iv. 19.

Cynthia, (1) one of the names of Diana, goddess of chastity. The "gracious servant" is Sir Walter Raleigh, who wrote his poem called "Cynthia" in honour of Queen Elizabeth, Int. 4, 5. (2) used for the moon, i. 43. [20.]

Cytherea, a name for Venus, vi.

Cytheron hill, a ridge of mountains dividing Bæotia from Megaris and Attica, dedicated to Jupiter Citheronius; the scene of many events recorded by the classical poets, vi. 29.

Dædale, skilful, cunning to invent or fashion, Int. 2.

Daint, dainty, Int. 2.

Dan, a title of honour=master, sir, viii. 21; xi. 46. *See* N.E.D.

Danaë, who was confined in a brazen tower by her father, King of Argos, to prevent her ever marrying. An oracle had foretold that his daughter's son should put him to death, xi. 31.

Daniske, Danish, iii. 47.

Daphne, who fled from the suit of Apollo, and was changed into a laurel by the gods that he might not seize her, vii. 26; xi. 36.

Darraine, engage in battle, i. 20.

Darre, dare, Int. 2.

Debon, one of the captains of the legendary Brutus, who overthrew Coulin, ix. 50. *Cp.* Book ii., x. 11.

Debonaire, gracious, kindly, i. 26.

Debora. *See* Judges iv. 21. The blow was given by Jael, not Deborah, iv. 2.

Dee, the river of North Wales, iii. 35.

Defaste, defamed, i. 12; extinguished, blotted out, ii. 24; iii. 43.

Deheubarth, South Wales, ii. 18.

Delve, a cave underground, den, iii. 7.

Dempt, deemed, viii. 3; judged, considered, xi. 23.

Denay, refuse, vii. 57; disown, repudiate, xi. 11.

Depeincted, depicted, xi. 7.

Dependant, hanging down, xii. 10.

Dernely, dismally, dreadfully (a

GLOSSARY

- "Spenserian archaism"), i. 14; xii. 34.
- Despight**, ill-feeling, i. 13; outrage, shameful injury, i. 24, 64.
- Deucalion's daughter**, Melantho, xi. 42.
- Devise**, conjecture, guess, i. 33; x. 21.
- Dight**, arranged, prepared, i. 39, 51; put on (a Spenserian use of the word), iv. 12, *et pass.*
- Dill**, the plant of that name, said to have had wonder-working powers, ii. 49.
- Disavaunce**, retreat from, xi. 24.
- Disaventure**, "at disadvantage," =aimlessly, fruitlessly, iv. 53.
- Discolourd**, variously coloured, x. 21.
- Discoure**, disclose, reveal, iii. 50.
- Discust**, shaken off, discarded, i. 48. [19.]
- Disease**, discomfort, trouble, v.
- Dispart**, separate, go in different directions, iv. 46; cleave asunder, xii. 38.
- Disport**, divert, amuse, viii. 10.
- Disports**, pleasures, sports, pastimes, ii. 31.
- Dispred**, spread out, x. 9.
- Dispropose**, renounce the profession of, xi. 20.
- Dispurvayance**, want of provisions, destitution, x. 10.
- Distaines**, stains, iv. 17; (**distaynd**), viii. 49.
- Diverst**, diverged, turned another way, iii. 62.
- Dofte**, doffed, put off, iv. 5.
- Doucepere**, the term for any one of the 12 peers of France, celebrated in the Charlemagne romances, x. 31.
- Dout**, apprehension, fear, xii. 37.
- Drad**, dreaded, xii. 18.
- Dred** (adj.), dread, awe-inspiring, Int. 3.
- Drerihed**, drearyhead, misery, i. 16; terror, i. 62; gloominess, ii. 30; wretchedness, xii. 17.
- Dreriment**, gloominess, iv. 30.
- Dresse**, adjust, make ready, xi.
- Drover**, boat, viii. 22. [55.]
- Duessa**, Arg. i. The evil enchantress whose story is told chiefly in Book i. No mention of her "trains" is made in Book iii. c. i., as this argument announces.
- Dumarin**, the father of Marinell, iv. 19.
- Duraunce**, imprisonment, captivity, v. 42.
- Dy**, die, iv. 26.
- Dynevoure**, Dynevor Castle, near Caermarthen, said to have been the chief seat of the princes of South Wales, iii. 8.
- Earned**, felt keen grief, x. 21.
- Earst**, erst, formerly, iii. 50, *et pass.*
- Eath**, easy, xi. 45.
- Edifyde**, furnished with buildings, i. 14, 20.
- Edwin**, King of Northumbria, (617-633 A.D.), iii. 36, 37.

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Efforce, extort, obtain by force, compel, ii. 15; ix. 9; (**efforst**), xii. 43.

Eke, increase, add to, ii. 35.

Elect, chosen, vii. 22.

Elfe, an elf or fairy, iii. 26. *See*

Faery, Fay.

Embrace, lower, stoop, vii. 15.

Embard, imprisoned, xi. 16.

Embaste, depreciated, discredited, i. 12; xii. 33.

Embay, bathe, xi. 2; (**embayd**), xii. 21; pervaded, vi. 7.

Embosse, cover, encase, i. 64. *See* N.E.D.

Embost, driven to extremity, i. 22; xii. 17.

Embreaded, braided, vi. 18.

Embrew, steep, moisten, xii. 32; (**embrewed**), wet with blood, vi. 17.

Emmilen, it is uncertain to whom Spenser here refers. Upton asks, "Is it the same name as Emma, and does the poet mean the famous daughter of Charlemagne, or rather the mother of Sir Tristram mentioned in Book vi., c. 2, st. 29?", iii. 54.

Empayre, impair, detract from, v. 54.

Empeach, hinder, iii. 53; xi. 12.

Empierce, pierced, penetrated, v. 19.

Empight, implanted, v. 20.

Emprize, enterprize, undertaking, iii. 53; xii. 28.

Encelade, Enceladus, son of

Titan and Terra, the most powerful of all the giants who conspired against Jupiter, ix. 22.

Endlong, from end to end, x. 19.

Engins, artifices, trickery, wiles, etc., i. 57; x. 7.

Engore, shed, viii. 48; pierce, wound deeply, x. 45; (**engord**), v. 28.

Engrosse, occupy, iv. 38; (**engroste**), made dense or thick, iv. 13.

Enrace, bring into the race of men, implant, v. 52.

Entrers, enterers, those who go or come in, xii. 42,

Entrayid, entwined, xi. 46.

Entyst, enticed, i. 35.

Enveloped sevenfold, the shield was made of hides doubled into folds and secured with metal plates, ii. 25.

Envide, envyde, begrudged (or ? vied with), vi. 23, viii. 5; xii. 34; bore a grudge against, vii. 6. *See* N.E.D.

Envy (vb.), refuse, v. 50.

Erigone, daughter of Icarius. Spenser's mythology is here confused. Bacchus, not Saturn, was her lover. xi. 43. *See* **Philliras**.

Ermilin, ermine, ii. 25.

Errant (adj.), wandering, viii. 6.

"**Errant Damzell**" = Una, the heroine of Book i., i. 24.

Errorr (sb.), wandering, v. 7; ix. 41. "Fatal Error" (cp. Bk.

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- ii., x. 9)=wandering appointed by the Fates.
- Eterne**, eternal, vi. 37, 47.
- Etheldred**, *i.e.* Ethelfrith, King of Bernicia. The event to which Spenser refers, but does not give correctly, is related in Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, Book xi., chap. xiii. Ethelfrith defeated the Welsh near Bangor, under Cadwan and Brocmail. But St. Augustine was not then living. iii. 35.
- Excheat**, property or land which, being forfeited, or having no heir, reverts to the lord of whom it is held, viii. 16.
- Eyne**, eyes, vii. 9, 13.
- Fact**, deed, action, ix. 38.
- Faery** (sb.). The word is used by Spenser in a sense of his own—a modification of "Fairy" in its modern sense, excluding anything trivial or undignified in connection with the word; (*See N.E.D.*)=Fairyland, Int.i.; an inhabitant of Fairyland, i. 5.
- Faerie** (adj.), belonging to Faery or Faeryland, i. 1, 2.
- Faine**, dissemble, conceal, ii. 17.
- Faind**, pretended, ii. 15.
- Far'd**, fared, went, i. 30.
- Fastned**, *lit.* attached or fastened (herself)—"ne further fastned not," *i.e.*, looked no longer (into the glass), ii. 26.
- Fay**, fairy. *See Faery.*
- Faytour**, deceiver, villain, ii. 13.
- Feate**, action, deed, xi. 29.
- Fearen**, frighten, iv. 15.
- Fee**, "in fee," by service or pay, in absolute possession, i. 44.
- Feeling** (adj.), showing emotion or sensibility, ii. 15.
- Fell** (adj. and adv.), fiercely, i. 6; fierce, i. 18; iii. 33.
- Fell** (sb.), cruelty, xi. 2.
- Feminitee**, femininity, womanliness, vi. 51.
- Fensible**, well fortified, x. 10.
- Ferne**, lodging, dwelling, v. 23.
- Field**, a term in heraldry=the surface of an escutcheon or shield, ii. 25.
- Filed**, polluted, defiled, i. 62.
- Flaggy**, hanging down limply, drooping, iv. 33; vi. 39.
- Flex**, flax, i. 47.
- Flit**, fleeting, light, i. 56; swift, vi. 11; xi. 39; lightly, airily, x. 57.
- Fond**, foolish, i. 10; (**fonder**), ii. 44; (**fondly**), vii. 61.
- Fone**, foes, iii. 33.
- Florimell** (=honey-flower?), v. 8, the lady-love of Marinell. Her history is continued in Books iv. and v.
- Fordonne**, destroyed, ruined, vii. 34.
- Foreby**, by, near, past, i. 15; v. 17.
- Forhent**, overtaken, iv. 49.
- Forlent**, gave up, iv. 47.
- Forlore**, abandoned, iv. 34, vi. 53; forlorn, forsaken, v. 50.

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Forpassed, went by, x. 20.

Forray, a fray, foraging expedition, iii. 58.

Forreine, foreign, Int. i.

Forthy, therefore, i. 30, *et passim*.

Forwaredred, wearied with wandering, xi. 20.

Forwent, left, quitted, v. 10.

Foster, forester, i. 17, 18, *et pass.*

Fray, terrify, frighten, iii. 12.

Froxy, frosty, frozen, viii. 35.

Frowy, in the gloss to the "Shepherd's Calendar," E.K., interprets "frowie" as musty, mossy. But should we here read **froxy**, as in stanza 35? viii. 30.

Fulmined, shot, darted, ii. 5.

Furnitures, equipment, i. 11.

Gainesay, contradiction, opposition, ii. 15.

Gameson, gamesome, iv. 30.

Gan, began, often used merely as auxiliary verb, "did," i. 10, *et pass.*

Gardante (=a gazer), i. 45, 65.

Garish, heal, v. 41.

Genius, vi. 31. Warton points out that the Genius here spoken of seems to be that which is represented by the Theban philosopher Cebes in his book called the "Table." Cp. Book ii., xii. 47, 48.

Gent, well-mannered, having the ways of gentlehood, i. 44, 67, *et pass.*

Gest, bearing, deportment, ii. 24, 27; viii. 8.

Gestes, deeds, achievements, ii. 1.

Gin, artifice, device, vii. 7.

GINNES, begins, viii. 51.

Girland, garland (*fig.* prize), ii. 2; iv. 17, *et pass.*

Glauce, the name of Britomart's nurse. It was also the name of the mother of Diana. ii. 30.

Gloriana (=Glory), the Faery Queen, Int. 5.

Gnidus, or Cnidus, a town and promontory of Greece. Venus was its chief deity. vi. 29.

Goemagot, ix. 50, Gogmagog. *See* Book ii., x. 10.

Goodlyhed, goodliness, ii. 38.

Gorgonian shield, the shield of Minerva, by means of which Perseus had conquered the Gorgons—three terrible sisters, ix. 22.

Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, whose wife was Igera, Arthur's mother. Cadur was the child of Gorlois and Igera, but Spenser represents them as having another son—Arthegall. iii. 27.

Gormond "was the son of an African king, and might have inherited his father's throne. But he despised to rule over a kingdom he had not conquered. He accordingly issued an invitation to the brave youth of all heathendom to join him in a

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- piratical expedition, and by their help made himself king of Ireland. The **Norveyses** may be regarded as a general name for his freebooting allies. According to some, Gormond was himself a Dane" (Child), iii. 33.
- Goshauke**, goose-hawk, a large and handsome species of hawk, vii. 39.
- Grate**, fret, ix. 14.
- Greave**, tree, grove, x. 42.
- Gride, gryde**, pierce, pierced, i. 62; ii. 37; ix. 29.
- Griesly**, dreadful, horrible, i. 14., 17.
- Griffith Conan**, a ruler of Wales who kept up successful warfare against the early Norman kings of England, died about 1136 A.D., iii. 45.
- Gryesy, grysie**, gruesome, dreadful, hideous, i. 67; xii. 19.
- Guendoline**, the wife of Lochrine, iii. 54. *See* Book ii., x. 17.
- Guyon**, the Knight of Temperance, the hero of Book ii., i. 5.
- Gyre**, circle, i. 23.
- Habergeon**, a short coat of mail armour, intended as protection for the neck and breast; but the term is also used indiscriminately for any coat of linked mail, iii. 57; v. 19, 31; ix. 21; xi. 7.
- Halfendeale**, half, by half, ix. 53.
- Happy**, successful, i. 10.
- Hard**, heard, ii. 21.
- Hardines**, boldness, audacity, iv. 24.
- Hauberque**, "a part of mail armour, intended originally for the protection of the neck and shoulders, but, as generally used, a long coat of mail coming below the knees and nearly to the ankles," iv. 16; xi. 52. *See* "Whitney's Cent. Dict."
- Haveour**, behaviour, vi. 52; xii. 3.
- Haynous**, heinous, wicked, ii. 12.
- Hayre**, heir, ii. 22.
- Hazardry**, playing at hazard, gaming, i. 57.
- Hearie**, hairy, i. 16.
- Heard**, herd, flock, viii. 30, 31.
- Helene**, the famous Helen of Troy, ix. 35. *See* **Troy**.
- Hellenore**, the wife of Malbecco; her name is probably invented from that of Helen of Troy, ix. 6.
- Hemus**, or Haemus, a mountain which separates Thrace from Thessaly, ix. 22.
- Helle**, loved of Jupiter, who changed himself into a ram to carry her safely over the Hellespont, into which she had fallen, xi. 30.
- Hent**, taken, seized, vii. 61.
- Hept**, heaped, vii. 33.
- Herebus, Erebus**, the brother and husband of Night, son of Chaos and Darkness; the name also for the region of the dead, iv. 55.
- Heried**, praised, i. 43.

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Hersall, rehearsal, narration, xi. 18.

Herse, recital or chant (applied here to the services of the Church), ii. 48. [**wald**.

Hevenfeld, Heavenfield. *See* **Os**.

Hew, form, shape, Int. 4 ; v. 47 ; vi. 33, 35 ; colour, hue, ii. 28 ; viii. 48 ; appearance, iii. 50 ; vi. 17.

Hight, called, is called, i. 24, 31 ; v. 8, 9, *et pass*.

Hippodame. As used by Spenser the word means a sea-monster or sea-horse ; but the original meaning is rather horse-tamer, xi. 40. *See* "Cent. Dict."

Hole, whole, healed, v. 43.

Hond, hand, i. 10, *et pass*.

Hopelesse, unhopd for, despaired of, v. 34.

Hore, hoar, hoary, iv. 7 ; viii. 30.

Horrid, dreadful, terrible, xi. 44.

Host, entertain. Arg. ix.

Hoved, waited, lingered, x. 20.

Hoving, floating, vii. 27.

Howell Dha, King of Wales, died about 948 A.D., who is said to have codified the Welsh laws, iii. 45.

Hyacint, **Hyacinthus**, a beautiful youth loved by Phœbus. When killed by Zephrus, Phœbus changed his blood into the flower which bears his name, vi. 45 ; xi. 37.

Hygate, one of the ancient boundaries of London, ix. 46.

Hylas, a youth beloved of Hercules, who, according to one legend, was carried away by nymphs. Hercules greatly lamented him, and gave up the Argonautic expedition in order to seek him, xii. 7.

Ida, Mount Ida, the celebrated peak in the mountain range of Ida in Troas, ix. 36 ; xi. 34.

Ile, I'll, I will, vi. 24.

Ilion, the city of Troy, ix. 34.

Implacable, unrelievable, irrevocable, vii. 35.

Imply, enfold, enclose, vi. 34.

Importunes, portends, signifies, i. 17. A false use of the word. *See* "Cent. Dict."

Impresse, "Impresse so deare constraint" = cause such strong constraint, ix. 40.

Indewd, (?) took (to herself), x. 9.

Indian Peru, *i.e.*, America. "Indian," because America (Peru) was believed to be India taken from the other side, iii. 6.

Indifferent, impartial, ii. 1.

Indignance, indignation, xi. 13.

Informed, half-formed, shapeless, vi. 8.

Inquest, quest, adventure, ii. 4.

Intendiment, knowledge, v. 32 ; meaning, xii. 5.

Intuse, contusion, v. 33.

Invent, find, discover, v. 10.

Iphimedia, the daughter of Triopas, the son of Neptune, xi. 42.

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- Iris**, one of the Oceanides, the messenger of the gods—the rainbow, xi. 47.
- Isse**, according to Spenser, the daughter of Admetus, a Thesalian king; but see Upton and Jortin on this passage. Apollo fell in love with her, and to win her favour changed himself into the form of a shepherd to whom she was attached, and tended the flocks of Admetus for nine years. xi. 37.
- Jade**, a worn-out horse, i. 17.
- Jane**, a small coin, vii. 58.
- Jocante** (=a jester), i. 45.
- Jollity**, bravery, gallantry, x. 33.
- Jolly**, fine, handsome, brave, i. 45; x. 20; jovial, mirthful, x. 44; xii. 5.
- Julus**, Ascanius, son of Æneas, ix. 43.
- Keepe**, heed, care, x. 38.
- Keight**, caught, ii. 30.
- Kende**, perceived, knew, x. 38.
- Kent**, knew, vii. 19.
- Kesars**, emperors, xi. 29.
- Ketch**, catch, receive, vi. 37.
- Kind, kynd**, sex, ii. 4; nature, vi. 8, 38; class, race, iv. 56.
- Kindly**, natural, ix. 32.
- Knight Service**. "The tenure by knight service was the most honourable one known to English law. To constitute it, a determinate quantity of land, called a 'knight's fee,' was necessary; and the tenant was obliged to attend to the war the lord of whom he held, for forty days in every year, if called upon." i. 44.
- Lacedæmon**, Sparta, ix. 34.
- Lamping**, shining, sparkling, iii. 1.
- Lanck**, slim, ix. 21.
- Latinus**, King of the earliest people in Italy. Æneas married his daughter, Lavinia, ix. 42.
- Latium**, a country of Italy, south of Etruria, ix. 42.
- Launce**, balance, vii. 4.
- Lay**, lea, meadow, ground, viii. 15; x. 23.
- Layburne**, in Yorkshire, the site of the battle between Cadwallon and Osric, iii. 37.
- Leare**, lore, xi. 16.
- Leda**, daughter of Thespius, and wife of Tyndarus, King of Sparta. Jupiter made love to her in the form of a swan. xi. 31.
- Leman**, lover, ii. 20; viii. 40.
- Lenden**, to lend, i. 23.
- Lever**, rather; **me lever** = "I would rather," ii. 6; v. 7; vii.
- Levin**, lightning, v. 48. [51.]
- Lewd**, ignorant, perhaps also here with the meaning of "wicked," iv. 9; vii. 12.
- Liagore**, one of the daughters of Nereus; but the mythology of this allusion is mostly Spenser's own, and borrowed from the story of Apollo and CEnone, iv. 41.

GLOSSARY

Lich, alike, vii. 29.

Liefe (sb.), beloved one, darling,
i. 24; ii. 33.

Liefe, (adj.), willing, ix. 13.

Liefest, dearest, ii. 33; x. 15.

Limbo Lake, *i.e.*, "the abode of the lost; but properly the limbus (or border), was the place bordering on Hell, where dwell the souls of those awaiting the resurrection," x. 54.

Lin, cease, stop, iii. 22, 30; viii. 24.

List, pleases, pleased, was pleased,
i. 23, 24; ii. 15.

Lite, alight, ii. 3.

Loord, lubber, stupid or degraded fellow, vii. 12.

Looser, too loose, wanton, i. 40, 50.

Lore, left, xii. 44.

Lost, loosed, dissolved, iv. 13.

Louthiane, Lothian, the district between the Forth and the Tweed; until the reign of Canute a part of the kingdom of Northumbria, when it was given to the King of Scots, iii. 37.

Lumpish, heavy, dull, iv. 61.

Lyæus, a name for Bacchus; here used for wine, i. 51.

Lybicke sands, African deserts, ix. 41.

Lydian harmonies. "The Lydian music was supposed to be of a soft and voluptuous character." Cp. Milton's "L'Allegro." i. 40.

Maine, "ocean maine" = the expanse of ocean, iv. 61.

Maistry, mastery, power, i. 25.

Make, mate, xi. 2, 15; xii. 40.

Malbecco, the husband of Hellenore, who afterwards becomes an impersonation of Jealousy, ix. 6.

Malecasta (=Incontinence), the mistress of Castle Joyous, i. 57.

Malengine, guile, deceit, i. 53.

Malgo, iii. 31, son of Vortipore, a king of Britain, Geoffrey of Monmouth calls him "one of the handsomest men in Britain."

Maltalent, ill-will, resentment, iv. 61.

Many, company, ix. 11; xii. 23.

Margent, margin, iv. 34.

Maridunum, Caermarthen, iii. 7.

Marinell, the knight loved by Florimell, iv. 20.

Martelled, hammered, struck, vii. 42.

Martia, the queen-lawgiver. *See* Book ii., x. 42.

Mathravell, the name of one of the three ancient provinces of Wales, iii. 13.

Matilda. *See* Pubidius.

Maugre, mauigre, in spite of, notwithstanding, iv. 15, 39; curse upon it! v. 7.

Meaners, those who mean or intend something (here, mischief), v. 25.

Meare, boundary, ix. 46.

GLOSSARY

- Medusa**, one of the three Gorgons, whose hair was serpents, xi. 42.
- Menage**, control, management, xii. 22.
- Ment**, meant, intended, i. 19.
- Merlin**, the famous enchanter, iii. 6.
- Menevia**, St. David's, in South Wales, iii. 55.
- Mertians**, Mercians, or people of Mercia, iii. 30.
- Mesprise**, contempt, scorn, ix. 9.
- Mew**, hiding place, viii. 4; **mewes**, imprisons, ix. 5.
- Minerva**, the goddess of wisdom, war and the liberal arts. Upon her shield was the dying head of the Gorgon, Medusa. ix. 22.
- Minotaures**. The minotaur was a monster, half man and half bull, which yearly devoured a number of Athenian youths and maidens. Theseus destroyed him. x. 40.
- Mirrhour**, mirror, looking-glass, applied to the magic glass globe made by Merlin, ii. 17.
- Misavised**, misinformed, or perhaps here=badly advised, ii. 9.
- Misdonne**, misdo, do wrong, ix. 7; (pp.) ix. 48.
- Misdempt**, misjudged, misconceived, x. 29; (**misdeeming**), xii. 45.
- Missayd**, spoken evil, slandered, ii. 9.
- Misseeme**, misbecome, be unbecoming, iii. 53.
- Mister**, sort of, kind of, v. 5; vii. 14. [51.]
- Mistreth**, needeth, requireth, vii.
- Mnemon**, famed for his good memory, ix. 47.
- Mnemosyne**, or memory, daughter of Cœlus and Terra, mother of the Nine Muses. Jupiter made suit to her in the guise of a shepherd. xi. 35.
- Mona**, iii. 48. Henry VII., here alluded to, was born in Mona or Anglesey. Llewellyn ap Gryffyd, the last Prince of Wales, was allowed by his treaty with Edward I. to retain Mona on condition of yielding up the rest of Wales.
- Mone**, moan, lamentation, i. 38.
- Moniments**, monuments, memorials, iii. 2, 59; iv. 10.
- Mote**, may, might, must, i. 10; 15, 18; iii. 62, *et pass.*
- Mought**, might, x. 18.
- Mould**, material, substance, iv. 11.
- Mountenance**, amount, extent, viii. 18; xi. 20.
- Muchell**, much, vii. 32.
- Mulciber**, Vulcan, the god of fire, xi. 26.
- Myrrha**, **Myrrhe**, daughter of a king of Cyprus. She fled into Arabia, and was changed into a tree called myrrh. vii. 26.
- Narcisse**, Narcissus, vi. 45. *See Cephisus.*
- Nathelesse**, none the less, nevertheless, i. 6, *et pass.*

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Nausa, said by Spenser to be another name for Paros, but there seems to be no known authority for the statement, ix. 37.

Nausicle, a city said to have been built by Parius, but the name and the whole story is probably an invention of the poet, ix. 37.

Nempt, called, x. 29.

Nephew, grandson, iv. 22.

Nereus, a sea-god, son of Oceanus and Terra, iv. 19.

Net, pure, clear, xii. 20.

Neustria, the ancient name of the north-west of France. The "lion" is William of Normandy, iii. 47.

Nill, will not, v. 11.

Nilus, the Nile, vi. 8.

Noctante, (=a night reveller), i. 45.

Nonne, nun, iii. 13.

Northumber, Northumbria, iii. 39.

Norveyses. See **Gormond**.

Nosethrilles, nostrils, xi. 41.

Note, **N'ote**, **N'ot**, could not, might not, vi. 40; vii. 42; ix. 24; x. 6, 15; cannot, viii. 23; xii. 26.

Nould, would not, x. 35.

Noyance, noisomeness, xii. 2.

Noyous, noisome, disagreeable, annoying, i. 43.

Nyce, fine, delicate, ii. 6.

Nycely, carefully, delicately, xii. 10.

Octa, son of Hengist, a Saxon chief, iii. 52.

Enone, a nymph of Mount Ida, beloved by Paris, by whom she had a son named Corythus, whom Spenser calls Parius, ix. 36.

Offricke, King of Bernicia (South Northumbria), called Enfric, Enfricus or Eanfrid by various chroniclers, iii. 37. See **Osricke**.

Ollyphant, a giant impersonating Iust. This is the name of the giant in Chaucer's unfinished tale of "Sir Thopas," vii. 48.

Olympus, the residence of the gods, the highest peak of the Olympus range, which run between Thessaly and Macedonia. The romantic writers often erroneously represent the Olympic games as taking place on Mount Olympus, as Spenser does here. It has been suggested, however, that lines 4 and 5 of this stanza may have been transposed by the printers. vii. 41.

Orsilochus. See **Camill'**.

Osricke, the successor to Edwin on the throne of Deira (North Northumbria), but the relationship between that king and Osricke and Offricke is confused by the chroniclers, and variously stated; and there is also some confusion between

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- this battle of Layburne and the battle of Heathfield. Spenser's account is not strictly historical. *See* Geoff. of Mon.; Higden's "Polychronicon," and many other chronicles. iii. 37.
- Oswald**, King of Northumbria, (635-642 A.D.), iii. 39.
- Oswin**, *i.e.*, Oswiu, King of Northumbria (642-659), iii. 39.
- Ought** (sb.), aught, anything, i. 23; ii. 10.
- Ought** (vb.), owed, i. 44.
- Overblo'th**, bloweth overhead, vii. 9.
- Overhent**, overtook, came upon, v. 25.
- Overkest**, overcast, iii. 6.
- Overronne**, overrun, pass or go over, i. 3.
- Overtgate**, one of the ancient boundaries of London, ix. 46.
- Owches**, jewels, iv. 23.
- Oza**, iii. 52; or Eosa (*see* Geoff. of Mon., Book viii., c. 7 and 8), kinsman of **Octa**, *q.v.*
- Pace**, pass, passage, i. 19.
- Pæon**, the physician of the gods, mentioned in Homer; in later times the name was applied to Æsculapius. The story of his parentage here is probably invented by Spenser, iv. 41.
- Pageaunt**, spectacle, show, performance; *lit.* the movable scaffold or platform upon which mediæval plays were performed in the open air, v. 1.
- Painefull**, busy, labouring, xi. 51.
- Palladine**, the name of a virgin warrior who pursues the giantess Argante, vii. 52.
- Palmer**, pilgrim, especially applied to one who bore a palm branch in sign of having visited the Holy Land, i. 9. "His Palmer" refers to the companion of Sir Guyon, concerning whom *see* Book ii. *passim*.
- Panachæa**, a herb or root believed to possess extraordinary healing properties, probably ginseng, v. 32.
- Pannikell**, brain-pan, skull, v. 23.
- Panope**, in classical mythology one of the Nereides. Spenser uses her name for a servant of Proteus. viii. 37.
- Paphos**, an ancient city of Cyprus, famed for its worship of Venus, vi. 29.
- Paragon, paragone** (adj.), equal, or surpassing, ii. 13; (sb.) rival, equal, comparison, ix. 2; rivalry, iii. 54; companion, x. 35.
- Paravaunt**, peradventure, ii. 16.
- Paridas**, the son of Parius, ix. 37.
- Paris**, son of Priam, King of Troy, whose seizure of Helen, wife of Menelaus, of Sparta, led to the great Trojan war, ix. 34.
- Parius**. *See* **Cenone**.
- Parlante**, (=a talker), i. 45.
- Paros**, one of the islands of the Cyclades. Spenser makes it to

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have been founded by Parius.
ix. 37.

Parture, departure, viii. 46.

Pasiphæ, daughter of the Sun and of Perseis, wife of Minos of Crete, ii. 41.

Passant, *lit.* "passing," a term in heraldry. The lion or beast termed "passant" is always understood to hold the head straight and look forward. The "lion passant," etc., are the legendary arms of Brute, from whom Britomartis is supposed to be descended, i. 4.

Paunce, pansy, i. 36; xi. 37.

Pavone, peacock, xi. 47.

Paynim (adj. and sb.), pagan or heathen, iii. 27, 36, 52.

Peare, **pere**, peer, equal, i. 26; x. 24; companion, ii. 31; noble, prince, iii. 22; iv. 19; x. 26.

Peaze, blow, ii. 20.

Pegasus, a winged horse, sprung from the blood of Medusa when Perseus cut off her head. Spenser's mythology differs here from that of the classics. xi. 42.

Pelfe, spoil, lucre, riches, x. 15.

Pellite, Pellitus, a Spanish soothsayer who told King Edwin of the designs of Cadwallon, iii. 36.

Penda, King of Mercia, iii. 37, 39.

Penthesilee, daughter of Mars and queen of the Amazons, who came to help Priam during the later years of the Trojan war.

She is not mentioned by Homer.
iv. 2.

Perdie, *par Dieu* (a common oath), ii. 16, 27, *et pass.*

Peridure. Upton points out that Peredur is the name of one of the knights mentioned by Geoffrey of Monmouth as attending on King Arthur. viii. 28.

Persant, sharp, clear, ix. 20.

Personable, comely, handsome, iv. 5.

Persue, v. 28, pursuit, traces of pursuit, "trampling of dogs." Collier says, "'Persue' is evidently the *track* of the beast, and the word may be technical—the great means of pursuit afforded by the blood of the animal." But it has been suggested that "issue" may be the right reading here.

Phao. *See Ptolomæe.*

Philliras, daughter of Oceanus. Spenser's mythology is confused here. Saturn, not Bacchus, was the lover of Philliras. xi. 43.

Phocas, seals, viii. 30.

Phœbe, one of the names of Diana, vi. 24.

Phœbus, or Apollo, the sun-god, a name for the sun, ii. 24; Apollo was also patron of the fine arts, iii. 4.

Fight, pitched, placed, v. 40.

Pindus hill, a peak of the chain of mountains separating Thessaly from Epirus, iv. 41.

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Plaste, placed, i. 12, 20, *et pass.*
Plate, plate-armour (made of sheets of metal), as distinguished from chain armour, i. 6.
Pleasaunce, pleasure, enjoyment, xii. 18.
Plight, (good) condition, vii. 21; ix. 19; xii. 8.
Poinant, piercing, sharp, i. 5.
Point, "to point" = in every detail, completely, ii. 16.
Polygony, some plant of the order *polygonum*, many of the species of which are used for medicinal purposes, v. 32.
Pontick shore, the shore of the Pontus, or ocean — here the Ægean Sea, ix. 37.
Portance, port, demeanour, ii. 27.
Pouldred, spotted, ii. 25.
Pourtraict, portrait, picture, Int. 1, 3.
Praxitiles, a famous Greek sculptor, flourished about B.C. 324, Int. 2.
Preasse, press, throng, i. 23.
Pretence, extension, drawing out, iii. 4.
Pretious, precious, iv. 17.
Priam's realm. Priam was King of Troy. ix. 36.
Pricked, rode, i. 4; (**pricking**), viii. 44; x. 35.
Priefe, trial, "that had never priefe"; "that had never had trial of," i. 53.
Prime, spring, vi. 3, 42.
Privitie, privacy, seclusion, ix. 3.

Proper, own, ii. 1.
Proteus, a sea-deity, who received the gift of prophecy from Neptune; when consulted, he evaded answering by assuming different shapes, and slipping from the grasp, unless held in fetters, iv. 25.
Prow, brave, excellent, iii. 28.
Psyche, vi. 50 (=the soul), a nymph whom Cupid married and carried away into a place of beauty, where he lived with her. The whole story is told at length by Apuleius, an English version of which is to be found in Pater's "Marius the Epicurean." See also Upton's note on this passage.
Ptolomæe. "The story of this tower is apparently derived from some mediæval legend about the Pharos (column or pillar) of Ptolemy Philadelphus (King of Egypt), in which perhaps Phao took the place of the historical Arsinoë (wife of the king). The king was no doubt confounded with Ptolemy the astronomer, who, says Warton, 'was famous among the Eastern writers and their followers for his skill in the operations of glass'" (Child). ii. 20.
Publius. Spenser seems to be the sole authority for this name as well as that of Matilda. iii. 13.

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Puissance, puisaunce, power,
i. 10, 14, *et pass.*

Purposes, the game of cross-
purposes, or questions and
answers, x. 8.

Purveyance, providing, prepara-
tion, i. 11; furniture, xi. 53.

Pyned, wasted, worn out, ii. 52.

Quaint, quaint, fastidious,
squeamish, vii. 10; odd, oddly,
vii. 22.

Quarrey, any animal slain in
hunting, vii. 39.

Quight, requite, v. 45.

Rad, discerned, ix. 2. *See Red*
and Read.

Raid, defiled, viii. 32.

Raine, (1) realm, iv. 49; (2) rein,
governing power, iv. 35. *See*
Rayne.

Rancke, luxuriant, vi. 44.

Randon, random, viii. 20; x. 36;
xi. 48.

Rast, erased, iii. 43.

Rathe, soon, early, iii. 28.

Raught, reached, i. 5; ix. 20, 31,
47.

Rauen, iii. 46, *i.e.* Denmark.
The reference is to the Danish
invasion; "faithless chickens"
=the "heathen brood."

Rayld, flowed, xi. 46; (**rayling**),
iv. 57.

Raynes, reins, iv. 33.

Read, advise, iv. 14; tell, v. 6;
explain, vii. 53; viii. 24;
(**readen**), xii. 26; (**reed**), de-
clare, ii. 37. "I read thee

soon retyre." In the romances
of chivalry it is not unfrequent
for a knight to place himself
at some particular spot, and to
compel every one who passes to
joust with him.

Reare, raise, bring on, i. 9; raise
up, lift, i. 29.

Reave, steal, take away, viii. 14.

Reclame, recall, reclaiming, x. 16.

Recure, cure, recover; (**recured**),
i. 1; (**recur'd**), v. 34; (**recurd**),
v. 42.

Recomfort, comfort, vii. 10; viii.
34; (**recomforted**), iv. 12.

Red, interpreted, i. 16; imagined,
i. 33; declared, x. 44. *See*
Read and Rad.

Reft, robbed, snatched away, ii.
28; iv. 52; x. 32; bereft, iv. 36.

Regiment, rule, government, iii.
40.

Relate, bring back, restore, viii.
51.

Relent, relax, abate, ii. 43;
slacken, iv. 49.

Relyv'd, brought back to life, iv.
35.

Renowmed, renowned, famous,
i. 3.

Repriefe, reproof, iii. 5; iv. 11;
vii. 1.

Resembraunces, semblances,
shows of affection, vii. 16.

Resinde, resigned, xi. 4.

Rew (subs.), rue, ii. 49; row
circle, vi. 17, 35.

Rew (vb.), pity, v. 30.

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Rhodoricke, Rodoric the Great became king or prince of Wales about 843 A.D., and brought for a time all the chiefs of that country under his rule, iii. 45.

Rife, abundantly, ii. 32; iv. 8; vi. 14; frequently, v. 31.

Riotise, luxury, i. 33; xii. 45.

Riphaean hills, "mountains (probably imaginary) in the north of Scythia." The phrase is said to have been applied to any bleak mountains, viii. 6.

Romulus, one of the mythical founders of Rome, ix. 43.

Rouzed, roused, aroused, "rouzed couches" = couches from which they had been roused, i. 62.

Rosemaryes, pieces of rosemary, i. 36.

Roundell, globule, bubble, iv. 33.

Rove, shoot, i. 50; (**rov'd**), ix. 28.

Rounded, whispered, x. 30.

Ryence, King of Wales, often mentioned in the Arthurian stories, ii. 18.

Ryv'd, pierced, v. 37; viii. 3.

Salvage, savage, wild, i. 22; vi. 1.

Sanglamort (= blood and death), the imaginary sword of Braggadocchio, x. 32. The braggart had stolen Sir Guyon's horse and spear (Book ii., c. iii.), but not his sword.

Satyrane, a knight who befriended Una in Book i., c. vi.

Satyres, demi-gods of the country, represented as men, but

with feet and legs of goats, short horns, and thick hair all over the body, x. 36.

Saturne, one of the earliest classical deities, noted for his cruel disposition; son of Cœlus and Terra, father of Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune, xi. 43.

Savine, the tree or shrub known as savin, ii. 49.

Say, a kind of silk or satin, xii. 8.

Sayne, say, tell, ix. 40, 43.

Scamander, a celebrated river of Troy, ix. 35. *See Xanthus.*

Scath, harm, i. 37; iv. 24; x. 11.

Scerne, discern, x. 22.

Scorse, exchange, give back, ix. 16.

Scruze, squeeze, v. 33.

Scuchin, scutcheon, shield, iv. 16.

Scudamore (= shield of love), vi. 53, the lover of Amoret, whose history is continued in Book iv.

Sdeigne, disdain, i. 55; (**sdeigned**), i. 40.

Sdeignful, disdainful, vii. 10.

Sease, lay hold upon, v. 19.

Seely, silly, simple, innocent, vii. 51; viii. 27.

Seemen, seem, vii. 29.

Sell, saddle, i. 6; iii. 60; x. 38.

Semblant, **semblaunt**, semblance, appearance, iv. 54; xi. 29.

Semelee, daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, loved by Jupiter. By Juno's instigation (who was jealous) she asked Jupiter to appear to her in his full

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- majesty. This he did, and she was consumed by fire. xi. 33.
- Sent**, scent, sense of smell, iv. 46; vii. 23.
- Sewd**, (1) pursued, iv. 50; (2) sued, solicited, x. 8.
- Shard**, i. 30, (?) turned aside (?) lowered, (?) dealt out. See textual note at end.
- Sheare, shere**, clear, pure, ii. 44; xi. 7.
- Sheene**, bright, fair, i. 65; iv. 51.
- Shent**, shamed, disgraced, iv. 50, 58; ix. 33; x. 32.
- Showes**, semblances, likenesses, Int. 3.
- Shright**, shrieked, viii. 32.
- Sib**, kinsman, iii. 26.
- Sich**, such, vii. 29.
- Sickernes**, security, safety, vii. 25; xi. 55.
- Singulfes**, sobs, xi. 12.
- Sisera**. See **Debora**.
- Sited**, situated, placed, vi. 31.
- Sith**, (1) since, because, Int. 3; since, since the time when, i. 7, *et pass.*
- Sith** (subs.), times, x. 33.
- Sithence**, since, ii. 6.
- Slake**, cease, desist, iii. 10.
- Snarled**, tangled, xii. 17.
- Soothlich**, truly, ii. 14.
- Soucing**, falling, iv. 16.
- Spight**, grudge, grudging, i. 51; injury, shame, ii. 8.
- Spill**, destroy, vii. 54.
- Spire**, shoot, send forth, v. 52.
- Spred**, spread, i. 20.
- Sprights**, spirits, mood, humour, x. 8.
- Sprinkle**, "holy-watersprinkle," a brush for sprinkling holy water, xii. 13.
- Sprite**, spirit, v. 1; vi. 1.
- Spyes**, spies, here applied to the eyes of Venus, i. 36.
- Squire of Dames**. Warton points out that the tale of this Squire is a copy of the host's tale in Ariosto. vii. 51.
- Stead, sted**, place, ii. 14, 16.
- Stile**, manner of speaking, ii. 12.
- Still**, drop, fall, ii. 29.
- Stound**, bewilderment (or, moment?), i. 21; ii. 26; blow, i. 24; commotion, general amazement or surprise, i. 63; complainings, iii. 9.
- Stowre**, distress, i. 34; ii. 5; conflict, ii. 6; peril, iii. 3; paroxysm, iii. 50; storm, ix. 13.
- Straid**, strayed, x. 25. [*et pass.*]
- Streight**, strict, ii. 2.
- Stye**, mount, rise, ii. 36.
- Stygian**, belonging to the Styx, a river of Hades, ii. 52; iv. 56; vi. 24, 46; vii. 14.
- Subject**, lying beneath, vii. 4.
- Subtle**, thin, fine, rare, vii. 39.
- Surbate**, bruise or make sore by walking, iv. 34.
- Surcease**, cease, i. 23; iv. 52; (surceast), iv. 31.
- Surquedry**, insolence, presumption, petulance, i. 13; iv. 7; iii. 46; x. 2.

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Suspect, suspicion, xii. 14.

Swarv'd, swerved, i. 14.

Swat, sweated, v. 3.

Swound, swoon, i. 64; iv. 29.

Sylvius, a son of Æneas. Sylvius his = Sylvius's. ix. 48.

Table, tablet or picture, iv. 10; "A table for eternal monument."

It was the custom among the ancients for those who were delivered from shipwreck to place in the temple of Neptune, as an expression of gratitude, a tablet portraying or relating the circumstances of his escape. *See* Upton's note for reference to this in ancient writings.

Ta'ne, taken, vii. 53; viii. 47.

Tassell, or tercel, a male falcon, usually the male of the goshawk, of a high breed, and prized in falconry, iv. 49.

Tapets, tapestry, xi. 29.

Temed, joined together in a team, iv. 34.

Thamis, Thames, ix. 45.

Tho, then, v. 6, 15, *et pass.*

Thracian maid, probably Proserpine is meant, xi. 35. *See* Upton's note.

Three-square, having three equal sides, i. 4.

Thrilled, **thrild**, pierced, ii. 32; v. 21; xii. 38. [53.]

Throw, space of time, while, iv.

Thryse, "Was not so yellow thryse" = "was not a third part so yellow." viii. 7.

Tickle, unstable, inconstant, iv. 28.

Timias, the name of Prince Arthur's Squire, i. 18.

Tind, **tynd**, kindled, iii. 57; vii. 15; x. 13.

Tine, teen, woe, pain, xi. 1.

Titan, a name for the Sun-god. The Titans were sons of Cælus and Terra. iv. 60.

Tithonus, son of Laomedan, King of Troy, loved by Aurora, who gave him immortality without youth, so that he became old and outworn, iii. 20.

Tort, wrong, ii. 12.

Toure, Tours, i. 34.

Traine, artifice, wiles, iii. 11.

Transmew, transmute, transform, i. 38.

Transmove, transform, xi. 43.

Trim, good, excellent, fine, i. 40.

Triton, a powerful sea-god, son of Neptune, iv. 33.

Trode, tread, track, ix. 49.

Trompart (=deceiver), viii. 14. *See* Book ii., c. iii.

Troy, a city, the capital of Troas, or, some say, a country of which Ilium was the capital. It was built on a small eminence a short distance above the meeting of the Simois and Scamander. The Trojan war was undertaken by the Greeks to recover Helen, whom Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, had carried away from the house of

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- Menelaus. All Greece united to avenge the cause of Menelaus. Among all the ancient wars that of Troy is the most famous. Homer and Virgil have celebrated the wars and the city. iv. 34.
- Tryphon** is a well-known classical name, but no ancient writer is known to mention a physician of the sea-gods of this name, iv. 43.
- Typhœus**, a famous giant, son of Tartarus and Terra, who had a hundred heads like those of serpents or dragons vii. 47.
- Tyreling**, (?) tired, fagged, i. 17.
- Twine**, a twisting or curling form, a coil, vi. 44.
- Ulfen**, Sir Ulfus, the friend of Uther Pendragon, iii. 55.
- Umbriere**, visor, the movable part of the helmet which covered the face, i. 42.
- Uncouth**, unknown, strange, iv. 51; x. 34.
- Undertime**, that part of the day which included *undern*, *i.e.*, nine o'clock in the morning. The term here probably means the morning, about noon. vii. 13.
- Uneath**, scarcely, with difficulty, i. 33; x. 2; hard, difficult, ii. 16; v. 17.
- Unfilde**, unfiled, unpolished, vii. 30.
- Unkempt**, *lit.* uncombed; rude, rough, x. 29.
- Unthriftyhead**, unthriftiness, prodigality, xii. 25.
- Unweeting**, unknown, iii. 57; unknowing, ignorant of, v. 18; x. 22.
- Unwist**, unknown, ii. 26.
- Unwreaked**, unavenged, xi. 9.
- Uther**, Uther Pendragon, King of Britain, the father of Prince Arthur, iii. 52.
- Vaded**, faded, melted away, ix. 20.
- Vauted**, vaulted, iv. 43.
- Vented**, lifted up, raised, i. 42, 65.
- Ventayle**, the lower half of the movable part of the front of a helmet; *i.e.*, "the breathing part of a helmet," ii. 24.
- Vermeill**, bright red, vermilion, i. 46, 65; (*vermily*), viii. 6.
- Vild**, *vilde*, vile, low, base, vii. 15, 17, 30.
- Virelaye**, an old French form of poem, in short lines, running on two rimes; the term is also used of a sort of rondeau, and of a roundelay or country ballad, x. 8.
- Vortipore**, a British king, said by Spenser to be the grandson of Artegall and Britomart. iii. 31.
- Vulcan**, the god of fire, ix. 19. *See Mulciber.*
- Vulgar**, the common people, xii. 4.
- Warreid**, made war against, contended, v. 48.
- Wastefull**, waste, desert, dreary, i. 3.

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- Watch**, "second watch"=nine to twelve o'clock, xii. 29.
- Watchet**, light-blue, iv. 40.
- Wayment**, lamentation, iv. 35.
- Weedes**, garments, clothing, vii. 6.
- Weene**, imagine, suppose, expect, ii. 13, 26, *et pass.*
- Weet, weete**, know, i. 19; ii. 5, 8; v. 31, *et pass.*; (**weeten**), v. 7; "to weete,"="to wit," x. 34.
- Weetelesse**, unconscious, unknowing, ii. 26; ix. 41.
- Weft** (vb.), waived, shunned, avoided, iv. 36. [36.]
- Weft** (subs.), waif, wanderer, x.
- Went**, go, proceed, depart, vi. 32.
- Wex** (sb.), wax, viii. 6.
- Wex** (vb.), grow, become, i. 47; viii. 17; (**woxe**, p. t.), ii. 27; (**woxen**, pp.), v. 29, *et pass.*
- Wheare**, place, iv. 19.
- Whot**, hot, vi. 14.
- Whyleare**, a little while ago, ere-while, vi. 13, 26; x. 17.
- Whylome**, before (he came), ix. 13; formerly, i. 14, *et pass.*
- Wight**, person, creature, i. 8, *et pass.*
- Wildings**, wild apples, vii. 17.
- Wist**, knew, ii. 23, 27, *et pass.* See **Weet**.
- Wit**, mind, intelligence, v. 1.
- Wonne**, (sb.), dwelling, iii. 7; viii. 37.
- Wonne** (vb.), dwell, i. 3; ii. 8; iv. 20; v. 27; x. 51; (**wonnes**), vi. 29; (**wonneth**), ii. 14; iii. 26; x. 38; continues, ix. 48.
- Wonne** (vb.), won, gained over, ii. 8; x. 51.
- Won** (vb.), use; "did won, "was used or wont to," ix. 21.
- Woodnesse**, madness, xi. 27.
- Woxe**, *see* **Wex**.
- Wrate**, wrote, xii. 31.
- Wrested**, perverted, i. 24.
- Wyle**, wile, deceive (**wiled**, p. t.), x. 5.
- Wyte**, reproach, blame, iv. 52.
- Xanthus**, another name for the river Scamander. Spenser probably meant to write *Simois*, which was the other famous river of Troy. ix, 35.
- Ybent**, bent, directed, iv. 47.
- Ybore**, born, iv. 21.
- Ybrent**, burnt, burnt out, ix. 53.
- Ybuilded**, built, ii. 20.
- Ycleped**, called, named, v. 8.
- Yclothed**, clothed, covered, xi. 23.
- Ycovered**, covered, xii. 1.
- Ydred**, terrified, frightened, xii. 2.
- Yfere**, together, i. 12; viii. 52, *et pass.*
- Yfraught**, fraught, filled with, viii. 8.
- Yfretted**, fretted, ornamented, ii. 25.
- Ygoe**, ago, v. 9; xii. 41.
- Ykindled**, kindled, iii. 1.
- Ylike**, alike, x. 9.
- Ymet**, met, i. 5.
- Ymixt**, mixed, xi. 21.
- Ympes**, offspring, children, v. 53; "ympe of Troy"=son of Troy. *i.e.*, Ganymede, xii. 7.

GLOSSARY

Yode, went, i. 1, 4 ; viii. 19, 45.

Yold, yielded, xi. 17.

Ypaid, pleased, satisfied ; " ne be
ill ypaid " = " nor be ill-pleased,"
x. 25.

Yrent, rent, tore, iv. 30.

Yslaine, slain, v. 9.

Yshrouded, shrouded, i. 59.

Yslaked, slaked, x. 17.

Ywis, indeed, surely, iv. 37.

Zeuxis, a celebrated Greek painter,
flourished about B.C. 468,
Int. 2.

NOTES

(CHIEFLY TEXTUAL.)

CANTO I

Introduction IV (2) Ed. 1590 reads "Thyselfe thou covet."

Stanza XVI (5-9) "All as a blazing starre," etc.

In 1582 a comet is said to have been seen in England. Spenser's simile here is perhaps drawn from his own experience.

„ XXX (6) "Their swords they shard." "Shard" is the reading of 1590, 1596, 1609, 1611, 1617, but the "Faults Escaped" alters to "mard"—a reading scarcely less difficult, which most of the later editors, however, have accepted.

„ XLI (8) "Too highly." This is the reading of 1590 and 1596; 1609 and 1611 read "too lightly," and the majority of later commentators follow this reading; but the sense of the earlier texts is clear.

CANTO II

Stanza IV (1) "With Guyon." This is evidently a slip of the pen. Britomart was travelling with the Red Cross Knight.

„ XXX (5) "Her in her warm bed dight." This is the 1590 reading. 1596 has "in her warm bed her dight," which is followed by 1609 and 1611.

„ XLIX (7) "A earthen pot"; 1609 alters to "an earthen"; but the pronunciation intended by Spenser, which was probably not quite obsolete in his time, was "a yearthen pot."

NOTES

CANTO III

- Stanza XXXV (1) "Thy Britons" is the reading of 1590; 1596 has "The Britons."
- „ L (9) The reading in the text is that of 1590 and 1596, making the line two syllables short of an Alexandrine. 1609 supplies "as earst" after "shew."
- „ LI (9) "Strange disguise" is found in 1590; "devise" is the reading of 1596, and is followed by 1609, 1611, and others. But the sense of the text is clear.
- „ LIII (3) 1590 reads "weake hands (need makes good schollers teach)."

CANTO IV

- Stanza VIII (9) 1590 reads "thy" for "these."
- „ XXXIII (4) "Raynes" is the reading of 1590; 1596 has "traines," and so 1609, 1611.
- „ XXXIX (9) 1590 reads "till we againe may meet." Spenser seems to have remembered that Cymoent was a heathen.

CANTO V

- Stanza XL (9) 1590 reads "liking" for "living."
- „ XII (2) "Aspects" is the reading of the two quartos and of the folios. Some editors alter to "aspect" for the rime.
- „ XII (4) "Which as a fountain." This is the reading of 1609. 1590 and 1596 read "From which a fountain."
- „ XL (6) "Spyde" is a slip in the rime; some word like "saw" was probably intended by Spenser.
- „ XLII (5) "Heavy trees." 1590 reads "heavenly trees."
- „ XLV (4) 1609 ed. supplies this half line, which is not found at all in 1590 and 96.

CANTO VII

- Stanza IX (3) "Two orient perles" is the reading of 1590 and 1596, 1609, 1611. But Hughes' edition of 1751 reads "like to orient perles," and many editors follow him.
- „ XVIII (5) 1590 reads "might by the witch or by her son compast"; 1596, "might be the witch or that her son compast"; 1611, "might be, the witch or that her

NOTES

son compass." Upton well suggests the reading I have placed in the text, the elision of "the" before a consonant being found in many Shakesperean passages. As the line stands in the quartos it makes no sense unless we say with Collier that the verb "be" is to be understood in the reading of 1590; but that is not a common usage.

Stanza XLVIII (4) 1590 reads "Till him Chylde Thopas to confusion brought." Church and some other editors keep to this reading, but Upton well remarks: "The reason is plain why Spenser, in the 2nd ed., altered this line. For by Chaucer's story of Sir Thopas it does not appear that the giant was slain, the story breaking off abruptly."

CANTO VIII

Stanza II (8) 1590 reads "golden"; 1596 "broken" girdle; and 1609 and 1611 follow this, but it is doubtful whether the girdle *was* "broken."

„ IX (9) "Who" is altered to "whom" in 1609 and 1611; but the reading of the text was an Elizabethan usage.

„ XXXII (7) "Assoyld," another instance of defective rime.

CANTO IX

Stanza XXII (1, 5) 1590 reads "Bellona" for "Minerva," and "her speare" for "the speare."

CANTO X

Stanza XXXI (7) 1609 reads "vertuous pay," but there is no difficulty in the meaning of the text.

CANTO XI

Stanza XXXIX (8) 1590, 1596, 1609, 1611, and other old editions read "hag" for "stag." Jortin suggested this word, and, upon the authority of a passage in *Natalis Comes*, in which Apollo is said to have been changed into the form of a lion, a stag, and a hawk. Collier adds that in Drayton's copy of the folio of 1611 "hag" is amended to "stag."

„ XVII (9) "Heaven bright" is the reading of all the oldest

NOTES

editions ; but Upton, and others following him, change it to "heavens hight."

CANTO XII

Stanza XVIII (8) "Hony-lady" is the reading of 1590, 1596, and 1609, 1611. Various editors have suggested the reading "hony-laden."

The edition of 1590 had five other stanzas in which the lovers, Scudamore and Amoret, met happily. In 1596 Spenser left out these, and wrote three new ones as in the text.

The stanzas omitted are as follows :—

XLIII

At last she came unto the place, where late
She left Sir Scudamour in great distresse,
Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,
Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
And of the hardie Britomarts successe :
There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilfull anguish and dead heavinesse,
And to him cald ; whose voices knowen sound
Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

XLIV

There did he see, that most on earth him joyd,
His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delayes.
Straight he upstarted from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with hasty egrnesse,
Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
In the cool soile, after long thirstinesse,
Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

XLV

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
And streightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare delight ;

NOTES

But she faire Lady overcommen quight
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
And in sweet ravishment poud out her spright.
No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two senceles stocks in long embracement dwelt.

XLVI

I had ye them seene, ye would have surely thought
That they had beene that faire Hermaphrodite,
Which that rich Romane of white marble wrought,
And in his costly Bath caused to bee site.
So seemd those two, as growne together quite,
That Britomart, halfe envying their blesse,
Was much empassioud in her gentle sprite,
And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse :
In vain she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet possesse.

XLVII

Thus doe those louers, with sweet countervayle,
Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
All woxen weary of their journall toyle :
Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
At this same furrowes end, till a new day ;
And ye faire Swayns, after your long turmoyl,
Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play ;
Now cease your work ; to-morrow is an holy day.

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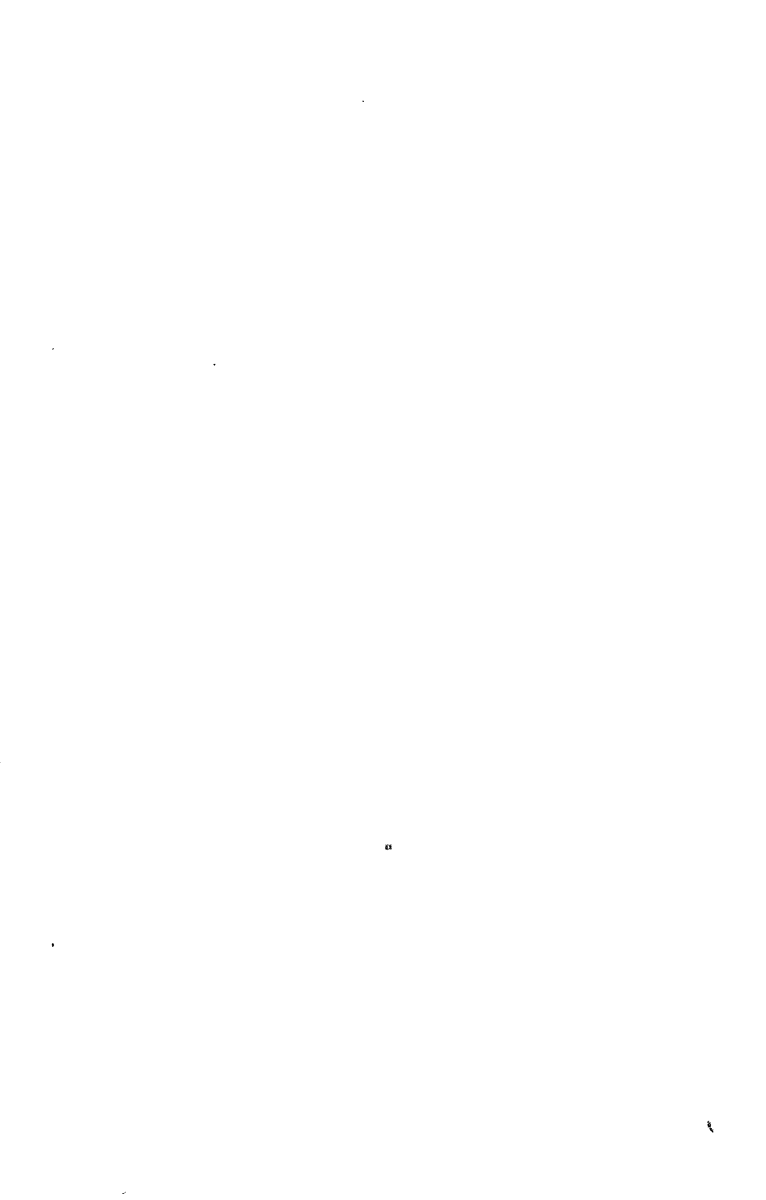
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